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THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

CHRISTMAS, 1916

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SONG OF THE MOTHERS

O Liberty, we have given up our sons!
Let it not be in vain!
They in their lovely youth by steel and guns
Are miserably slain.
We who approve it not have given to war
That which was born of passion and long pain;
O Liberty, we ask than this no more—
That it be not in vain!

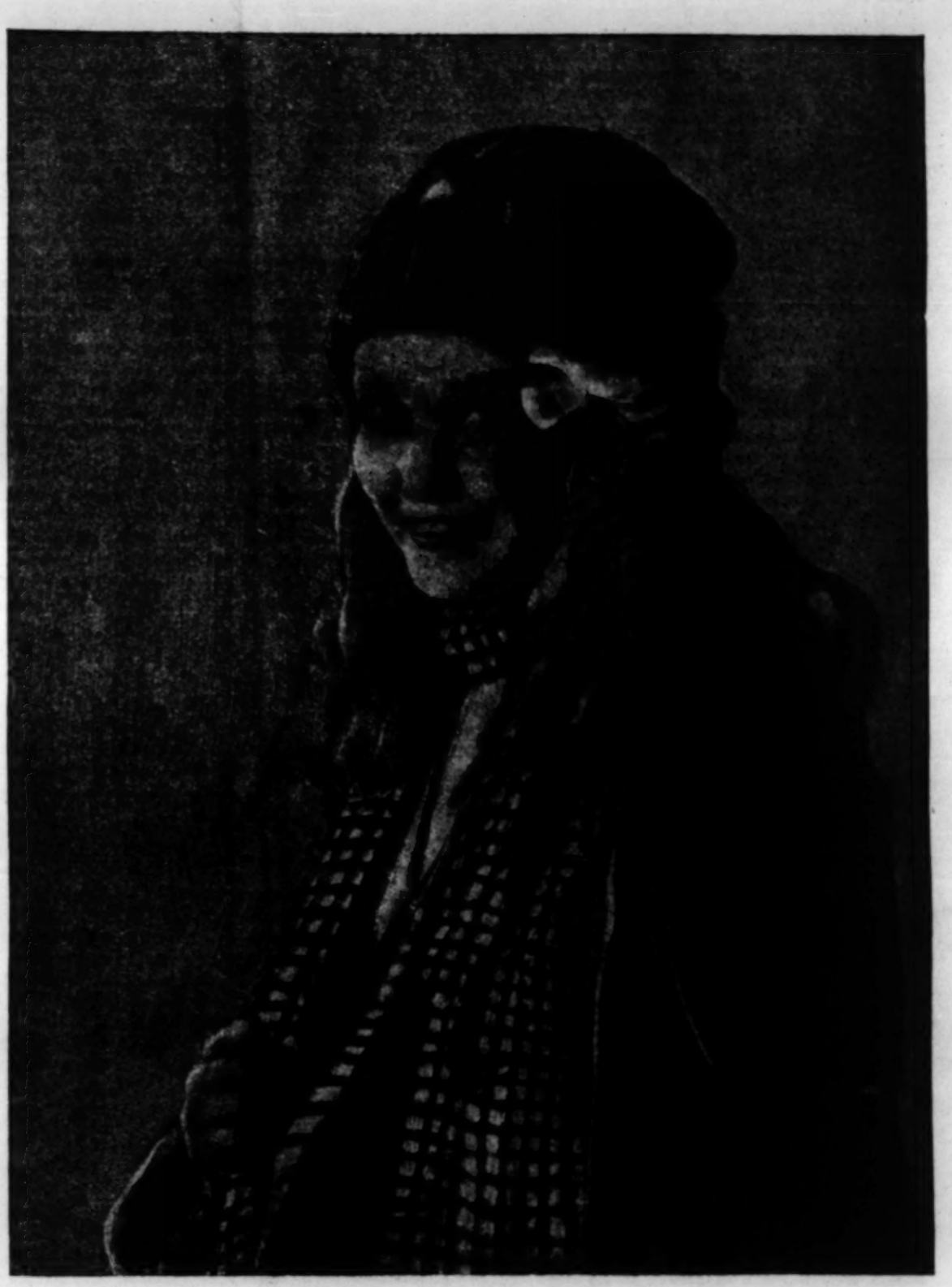
O Liberty, men use thy name for death,
Blindly blaspheming thee:
Each nation shouts thy glory in a breath,
But we, unfrenzied we,
Whose passion burns in sorrow, watch and wait,
And by deep grief's remorseless vision see
Truth, undisguised by fear's distorting hate,
Naked, and stern, and free.

O Liberty, have all men loved thy name
In days of peace gone by?
Have not some put thy prophets to foul shame
Who for thy sake did cry
For freedom's justice: these who bawl now "Slay
The threatening Fiend!" . . . and send our sons to die
And kill the innocent? What shall these pay
Whose offence stinks most high?

O Liberty, for all our crucified,
We pray the overthrow
Of greed, oppression, lust, fat-bellied pride;
These stalk the world with woe!
We do believe that men shall see the face
At last, by hell's glare, of their common foe!
We do believe by love's compassionate grace
Another world shall grow!

Therefore, O Liberty, though we now weep,
We deem it not in vain!
The precipice of death is dark and steep,
Yet from our darling slain
We see at last a resurrected God, and cry
"Their death shall be new life! Immortal gain!
O, innocent, but not in vain they die!
It cannot be in vain!"

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD.



BY AMY K. BROWNING, A.R.C.A.

OUR FAIRY GODMOTHER

By J. BRUCE GLASIER.

Most people nowadays don't believe in fairy stories. I am glad to say that I do. I speak, of course, of the genuine folklore ones that *grew* out of the experiences and wisdom of the people in far-off days. Many of those stories show a deeper insight into the human heart—its good and evil—and a truer understanding of what we call the spiritual nature of things, and the workings of fate, than do the majority of our present-day novels and dramas, not to speak of our picture shows.

It is said, of course, that these old fairy stories are full of superstition. But even so, superstition was, and, though we may not admit it, still is, an important element in human thought, and affords us, as Herbert Spencer and other sociologists have pointed out, a truer idea of the mind and feelings that have influenced mankind than do our professed religious beliefs. For what is superstition? In the earlier days of the world all remarkable occurrences which were not understood were attributed to the agency of supernatural beings. People nowadays are not so foolish (they think) as to do that. They ascribe all occurrences to Natural Law, the knowledge of which they call Science—Physics, chemistry, biology, etc.—and are much satisfied with their superior intelligence and rationality. They don't believe in gods, fairies, miracles, or prayers. They believe, instead, in Empire, War, secret diplomacy, conscription, newspapers, inoculations and drugs, and in Lord Northcliffes, Bottomleys, and Lloyd Georges.

Well, never mind. This is Christmastide, when happily we elder folk are allowed for one night in the year to imagine we are children once again and to pretend we believe fairy stories, even if we don't. And that itself is almost a magical change on our part, surely! So I am going to say a few words about one of the most charming characters in folklore—the fairy godmother.

She is not so familiar by name to children in the cities now as she was in my childhood days in the West Highlands, when we used to hear about her almost every night by the great fire in the winter time. She is perhaps best known to present-day children in connection with the story of *Cinderella*, as retold by the French writer Charles Perrault over two hundred years ago. The brothers Grimm, in their version of the tale, follow the old Greek variant in which the part of the Fairy Godmother is played by two white birds—the Greeks believing in miraculous birds but not in fairies. We have glimpses of her however, in "The True Birds," "The Spindle, Shuttle, and the Needle," and several other of the German tales. In many instances the Fairy Godmother has been unfeelingly dropped out of nursery stories in favour of more canonical miracle agencies, such as the Virgin Mary, angels, saints, and holy relics.

Perhaps of all fairy tales that of Cinderella is the most popular. It is the prime favourite with children, especially girls. It presents to their minds not only a series of exceedingly picturesque incidents, but appeals vividly to their dawning sense of the injustice of wealth and poverty, toil and idleness, which they have already begun to observe in the world around them; and at the same time lights up their imagination with the hope that hardship and misfortune may be overcome by some power of wisdom and love beyond their present experience. We are mistaken if we think that children do not care for stories with a moral. Children are far more concerned about the good or evil of things than their elders usually are. Stories that do not nourish their moral sentiments fail to interest them.

How old-world the Cinderella story is, and yet how new-world also, when we look into the heart of it! Poor Cinderella compelled by her cruel step-mother to toil and drudge unremittingly for her proud, idle, and unfeeling daughters who called her the Cinder-slut, and behaved shamefully to her, so that while they go richly dressed and insolently happy to the ball in honour of the coming of age of the King's son, she, poor girl, sits weary, worn and disconsolate by the kitchen fire chimney corner. Then comes the kind Fairy Godmother, who loved Cinderella tenderly, to comfort her, and with her magic wand transforms her into a radiantly dressed and beautiful maiden with a marvellous equipage in which she goes to the ball, where she outshines in queenliness all the daughters of rank and privilege, and wins at once the love of the young Prince, who has no peace of

(Continued on back page).

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE from George Lansbury

Christmas 1916 finds our nation still at war, and the cry is for men, still more men, from all the fighting nations. Millions of men have already laid down their lives, and from every nation in Europe the cry of the widow and the orphan goes up in ever-increasing volume. Our own dear old East London has paid a huge toll in flesh and blood, most of which was the youngest and brightest amongst us, and now our homes and streets are full of the maimed and the bruised in mind and body. Some of us who in our youth dreamed dreams and as we grew older saw visions of a better day at times grow weary and heart-sick wondering if, after all, humanity can redeem itself; if ever the day will dawn when nations will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more. This was always a dream; to-day it is much more only a dream. We see all man's ingenuity, all his knowledge, being used to invent engines of destruction—submarines, aeroplanes, Zeppelins, poison gas, and all the inventions of the devil himself. In addition, this war, no matter who started it, has brought all nations to the use of the most dreadful weapons of destruction, and so brutal and inhuman have Governments become that women and children, the aged and the sick, are not allowed to escape. Britain, with the stranglehold of her Navy, brings starvation to the millions of German non-combatants, and the German Government retaliates with a ruthless submarine campaign, supported by Zeppelin and other air raid, these latter in turn being copied by our own Government, and so hateful has become the position that quite good people ask that Britain shall without reserve pay back, as they say, the Germans in their coin and bombard from the skies defenceless towns and cities.

Horrible as all this is, it cannot possibly be all there is to be said or thought about present-day conditions. If it were so, the plight of humanity would be bad and deplorable indeed. We are not yet a bloodthirsty, lustful race of people. In no country of the world do the common people desire war; nowhere do men and women believe that war is the right and proper relationship of nations toward each other; it is the power of the Press, acting under Government orders and instructions, which makes the present condition of things even bearable, and, above everything else, it is fear which is responsible most of all for our evil plight, and this thing we call fear is the evil which comes into our individual life from the earliest moment of our active participation in the affairs of life. When we start out from home on the voyage of life we all start with the feeling that another's good cannot be our own; that our own small interests, our own happiness, our own place in the sun is the beginning and the end of all things; that if we would succeed, others must fail; and it is the spreading out, as it were, of this evil spirit in our national and international affairs which creates and brings into existence the social and international wars.

We in East London at Christmastide will all want to think good of each other, will want in small and large ways to help one another, and most of all will want to believe that Peace must soon come and the hand of the destroyer stayed. We shall think of those loved ones in the trenches, of the thousands in hospital, and that other great army which in our day will never return. These last, many of us will not, cannot think of as dead; we shall think of them as having passed into the Unknown, and whatever else we don't know about them we shall be sure of this, that whatever form their consciousness may take they will still think of us, hope for us, pray for us, and our duty is to think of them sacrificed to the universal madness of mankind, and determine that because of their sufferings, because of their death, a nobler order of mankind shall arise. We, who are called dreamers and visionaries, must by every means in our power preserve our faith, and as we listen to the Christmas bells accept the message of love and brotherhood their chiming brings. We must learn to fear God, to love mercy, and to live in peace with our neighbours; not a peace imposed by armaments and force, not a peace imposed by hate, but a peace which comes naturally to those who love God by loving their fellow-men. The glad tidings of great joy, which we read of in the Bible, are only this, that the Christmas message teaches us how to live; we all make too much of death; after all, it is but an incident in life. The actual necessary thing to-day is to know how to live, and the Gospels contain all the directions needed to enable us to live in harmony one with another, so to all my friends, wherever they may be, who read this, and especially to my friends in East London: Here's love and good wishes to you all from my wife and myself.

It is just over thirty years since we came to Old Ford—this is our thirtieth Christmas. We have seen many sad, unhappy days, have passed many days of sorrow; somehow as I write the thought will keep coming up, the bright days are more than the dark, and the good has always been greater than the evil, and now, when all hearts are filled with sorrow because of "Man's inhumanity to man," the truth of the angels' message will continue to surge up into my brain and in thought I seem to see the manger at Bethlehem and the little baby child whose name so many of us worship and adore because of his too few years of love and service as child and man, and then I think of the days of His triumph and the days of disaster, and the final triumph, as we who believe in eternal life believe was the so-called end. Nothing was so apparently hopeless as the task set the twelve poor and lowly fishermen, yet they faced it, conscious of a great cause and confident their Master and Leader was ever present to give help and comfort, and now nearly 2000 years after all seems lost again. War raging; war devastates and destroys our best and bravest; Cross and Crescent fight together and against each other, and the voice of Christendom seems silent and blesses the banners as they lead forth the embattled hosts to slay and be slain. Now is the time to prove our faith, to show our confidence, in the truth of the Gospel to which most of us at least give lip-service. Let us all go to church or chapel or in our own homes and lift up our very souls in one unanimous cry, "Give peace in our time, O Lord." Let us leave vengeance to God; let us give up and put away from us all thoughts of hate, and each resolve that come what may our voice, our work, our whole effort in life shall be to spread abroad the spirit of peace and goodwill. It is written, "The prayers of a righteous man availeth much." I believe the thoughts of men and women avail much, too. Therefore each one of us who wishes for peace must think of it, pray for it, and work for it. The darkest night is often followed by the most glorious dawn. Let us each see to it that we do what we can to bring the day nearer when "peace on earth, goodwill to men" shall prevail amongst all nations of the world.

A DICTATORSHIP: By Eric Chappelow

We have of late been reading in the morning papers of the righteous indignation of the Allies at the Belgian deportations. Yet, if we impartially examine the matter, can we honestly deny that they are anything else but a more savage expression of the course which economic necessity is gradually compelling all the Governments to adopt with regard to their own people. There is in principle very little difference between the deportation of the inhabitants of a conquered country and the legalised form of deportation known as conscription, by which a great and ever-increasing number of the available fit male population of each country is being taken from their homes not to do forced labour, which *can* be after all creative, but simply to destroy their fellow-creatures, surely the least productive work to which the human mind can apply itself. And, mind you, those who refuse to be deported for this purpose are imprisoned and subjected to all the severity of military law, unless they consent to submit to that industrial conscription which the Government and the Tribunals politely call Alternative Service. If we examine the state of democracy in this country at the present time, we find that the Government, backed by a Rump House of Commons, in no sense elected on the conscription issue, has put on the Statute Book the Military Service Acts and, although elected on a nominally democratic basis, has, on figures which the Prime Minister has himself admitted to be untrustworthy, promptly proceeded to enslave those who elected them without in any way giving them a voice in the matter.

We therefore come to the position that, at the present moment, the Cabinet, backed by a subservient House of Commons, can silence the protests of all men between the ages of 18 and 41 by calling them up as soldiers and claiming explicit obedience from them under pain of the severest penalties.

There is left then to uphold the liberties of the subject only that part of the over-age male population which is on the Register, and this small body could only destroy any tyranny which might be set up by forcing a General Election and winning it. This possibility, however, is nullified by the fact that the House of Commons has voted itself powers by which it can indefinitely prolong its own existence in defiance, if need be, of the will of the nation. As a matter of fact, Parliament, with its present powers, could continue its term of authority for any period of time, and could make any laws it chose, even to the extent of giving itself powers to co-opt new members. Under the constitution of this country the people would in such case be bound to obey, and the Government would be legally justified in using all the forces of the crown to coerce such as refused. No constitutional opposition outside the House could defeat such a tyranny.

That Parliament would ever attempt such a *coup d'état* is exceedingly improbable, but it is as well to raise the point because the people of this country ought to look round and see where they stand, lest they should imperceptibly degenerate from a free people into an oligarchy such as was Venice, nominally a Republic, but in reality governed by a Council of Ten and a ruling caste, who held office by reason of being included in the Golden Book. More and more are we tending towards a dictatorship, and the news of the latest triumph of Mr. Lloyd George at the head of the militarist party in forcing the Premier's hand and obtaining for himself almost complete control of the conduct of the War, is merely another evidence of the direction in which the ship of State is heading.

This has been achieved under the plea of "military necessity," and there is no reason why the admittedly retrograde legislation of the War should not, under the same plea, be continued after the War. It may very possibly be argued after the War that it is a military necessity to be prepared, so that never again shall the barbarous Hun ruin Europe. Under that plea may be established not only permanent military conscription, but also industrial.

Only one thing can save the world from slavery, which will be all the more galling because veiled and in the name of liberty, and that is that change of heart which shall be real enough to proclaim to the heavenly heights that the nations of the world have laid the first stone of that Empire of the Kingdom of God on Earth, which is the Empire of Love, and which shall reiterate the burden of that song which echoed round the Convent of Drontheim over the dead body of the slain Olaf, "Stronger than steel is the sword of the Spirit."

BALLADE OF CHAUCER.

Girt with a sound of harps high singers bore,
Yea, master-songs wrung out by master-hands,
Singers who crossed the world's unequal floor
Eager to do high Lore's and Love's commands,
Sweet as the revel of sun-kissed April lands,
Stands one whose song for clown or avatar
Held high the Rose of England for a star!

Yea, song-crowned monarch, more than all before
True voice of England burst from out Time's bands,
Strong in song's strength through all the days that wore,
Fenced with the gleam of English battle-brands
Lit high with thunder-winged victory, stands
Chaucer whose song for clown or avatar
Held high the Rose of England for a star!

Fresh with sweet scents and summer-sounds of yore,
O, pure bright flame of our inheritance,
With love's sweet magic lurking at thy door,
Our Italy and May thy governance,
Greed rules the land, the land of thy defence,
O thou whose song for clown or avatar
Held high the Rose of England for a star!

ENVOY.

O lecherous England, thou upon God's poor
Hast trampled and set up the God of Chance,
Thy blown lords rob thy sons of sun and moor,
And none now dares, tho' late, to break a lance
For that sweet England of the old clear glance
He sang, whose song for clown or avatar
Held high the Rose of England for a star!

ERIC CHAPPELOW.

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MEN AND UNIFORMS: By Miles Malleson

I used to wonder, during hours and hours of company drill on the barrack parade ground, why we were doing it. Hours and hours of learning to form fours; to salute, to turn the head and eyes smartly to the right; hours and hours of "'Tention—As you were," "'Tention—as you were," "Shun—sh'were," "Shun—sh'were," until hundreds of men moved as one—unless some wretched individual, a fraction of a second out of time, had to stand up, still, eyes to the front, listening to the sarcasm or the abuse of the drill sergeant. We were not for show; we were being trained for the front—and I was puzzled. I think I understand now.

Not long ago I came upon a number of recruits just being "knocked into shape," and before their uniforms had been issued to them. Top-hatted city men, bank clerks, labourers, queerly shoulder to shoulder. And I thought how absurd it would be to tell such a motley collection of human beings in top-hats, bowlers, and caps to climb out of a hole in the ground and go and stick knives into another set of human beings in top-hats, bowlers, and caps in another hole in the ground.

"My dear sir," a frock-coated gentleman might reply. "No, really I can't. It simply isn't done, you know." The labourer might express himself more strongly, but he wouldn't obey.

In order to induce human beings to mutilate one another agonisingly day after day, month after month, year after year, those in authority must make them look all alike, make them obey as a machine obeys when you touch a button, make them forget their humanity.

It is hard to say which is the most tragic: the success of those in authority, or the irrepressible way in which humanity re-asserts itself whenever it is given the smallest opportunity.

In France, at the time of the Christmas truce, the men of the opposing armies climbed, smiling at each other, from their trenches, exchanged cigarettes, took each other's photographs, sang to each other. But how can a war go on if that sort of thing is tolerated! So the order was given that it must be immediately stopped; and the men were turned into machines again, and the machines set to their horrible work until, in the hours of agony and death, individuals knew once more that they were men, and the English tended the German dying and the German the English.

I have a vivid little instance of this within my own short army experience. In a military hospital at Malta, into a ward full of convalescent English soldiers, came some Germans and Austrians from an internment camp there, suffering from minor ailments. I can picture their first arrival now. It was a little like the beginning of a large children's party before the ice gets broken. Scattered groups, talking low and eyeing one another curiously. Then one offered a Woodbine cigarette; a quick, bright smile and a nod of thanks, and it was accepted. Cigarettes and tobacco and food began to circulate; queer attempts to talk fantastic broken languages to each other; and in such a little while the party was an immense success. There were among them an Austrian painter and a German conductor of a small orchestra, with whom, in the days that followed, I made very close friends. It seemed monstrously unreal then, and I know now that it is monstrously unreal that but for a lucky chance I might have thrown a bomb and blown my friends into "bloody bundles of rags," or that they might have plunged bayonets into me. But, instead, one of them sang Wagner to me, explaining with a joyful and splendidly infectious delight the movements of the inner parts all through the most complicated passages, and the other talked painting with the wondrous and universal light of the artist shining in his eyes.

One pitiable instance has come to me of the triumph of drill. One of my companions in Malta, whom I met afterwards hobbling about London—he had been wounded in France—told me of his first bayonet charge. (Incidentally, It was his story that first suggested a play to me, which has been since written and suppressed!). The order was given to charge—he told me—and they started. Apparently the direction got lost and he ran on, not quite knowing why or where. Suddenly he found himself running side by side with a young German.

The two stopped and looked at one another, queerly surprised. Then they fell into position for bayonet fighting. The German lunged first, but he had on an immensely heavy pack, and he fell. "Like a game of football it was," said my friend, "when a man trips and the ball isn't anywhere about and you help him up. I said, 'Sorry, old man,' and stooped to help him up, and then somehow I put my bayonet in instead."

Already now we are seeing the beginnings of various attempts, initiated from various points of view to prevent this gigantic catastrophe of war from ever happening again. Leagues to enforce peace, to secure International arbitration and so on, and such movements will undoubtedly increase in power and number. A chance visitor from another planet might well be led to believe that the inhabitants of our earth consisted almost entirely of unruly ferocious people, their pockets bulging with pistols and with knives tied all about them, ready and eager to fly at one another's throats at the slightest provocation.

Not that the task of the peace-builders will be easy, or that the fear of war will be driven from the world without very great and fundamental changes in our society, in our industrial civilisation, in our standards of value as to what is really true and valuable in human life, and what is really worth while as the ultimate aim of human effort and human endeavour; but meanwhile one is apt to lose sight of the patent fact that the task before those who would rebuild a world of peace is not to devise schemes that will, as it were, cage and chain up men like wild beasts thirsty for blood but simply to free them to be, naturally, human beings.

AN UNGRATEFUL NATION AND TWO POEMS

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

The tenant sat mourning in her poor untidy house, whose only recommendation was the wonderful view you could see out of the window.

And the landlord visited her. "You are thriftless, lazy, and discontented," said the landlord, "your children are not properly brought up, they are ragged and dirty, and they don't go to Sunday school. They don't even know how to curtsey to the gentry when they meet them."

"If you would leave me alone for a little," said the tenant, "I could manage very well."

"If I left you alone, you would be in the workhouse in six months," said the landlord.

"But my children would be alive and free and happy," said the tenant.

"Your children are too quarrelsome," said the landlord, "they are always annoying me. But I will leave you to manage your own affairs on one condition. Your house must first be cut in half and divided between your sons."

"But we could not live like that," said the tenant.

"Nonsense," said the landlord. "With a little common sense you can arrange everything quite easily. Of course, I shall still be managing your income and keeping an eye on your expenses, and I shall see that your children do their duty by you and me and one another."

"I wish you would go away," said the tenant.

"You are a most unreasonable woman," said the landlord, "I am always trying to do things for you, but there is no pleasing some people."

But the tenant did not answer; she was thinking of seventeen graves on which no man may lay a flower.

"LEST WE FORGET."

At dawn, in that dream-broken Irish town,
Three men were shot because they disobeyed
An order—would not shoot their prisoners down
(The priest was proud of the great stand they made).

Comrades in sorrow and in rapture there,
Three soldiers stood at the doomed rebels' side,
Three proud men in the blood-stained barrack square,
For Ireland, and for God's dear pity died.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

To an Irish Prisoner.

Do not be lonely, dear, nor grieve
This Christmas Eve;
Is it so vain a thing,
That your heart's Harper, dark Roseen,
A wandering singer, yet a queen,
Crownéd with all her sixteen stars,
Outside your prison bars
Stands carolling.

THE CRISIS OF DEMOCRACY:

By C. H. NORMAN

The rising tide of reaction is a tide of blood. The waters are composed of the life-blood of the nation. Those who would hesitate in demanding that the War should stop this winter should call up to their minds what a continuation of the War must mean to the nations of Europe. That the blood wasted already would form a river nearly forty miles in length was a calculation made to me by a medical man engaged at the front. The responsibility for the extension of that dreadful river rests upon every person who does not insist that the Government shall endeavour to end the War by negotiation. It is needless to discuss now who or what was behind the scheming which plunged Europe into War; the terrible results of these vain recriminations are clear to every eye. All the statesmen of Europe are still saying the same thing in almost the same words. Their monstrous insincerity is as plain as their gross and enfeebled incapacity. Let us no longer be deceived by their platitudes about righteousness, truth, and freedom—three sacred things which no European statesman has begun to understand. Those who really believe in righteousness, in freedom, in writing and in speaking the truth, have shared a common fate in all the warring States. Fine or imprisonment, or persecution has been their lot. Is not that fact eloquent in itself? In the name of freedom, in every belligerent State, industrial conscription of both sexes is threatened. The protest from Australia against this militarist madness is a clarion call to the European democracy to beware of making further submission of their rights and liberties to the Governments with which they are afflicted. Remember it too, this is the first opportunity that any democracy has had, since the War began, of expressing a considered judgment on any matter connected with the War.

Those of us who have stood out against the War policy from the latter days of July, 1914, have had all our prophecies fulfilled, while the statesmen of Britain and Europe have proved as grotesquely wrong in their calculations as have their militarist advisers. They are as wrong today as they were in 1914. Destitute in imagination, they look upon their subjects as mere pawns; but, in fact, every man and woman in Europe is as valuable an asset to the world as Cabinet Ministers and their wives—nay, more so, for they are the producers while the Ministers are the parasites!

The apathy of the people should be shed by the hard lesson of bitter experience. No Government can permanently resist the will of the people. My Christmas and New Year message to the British people is: "See to it that the will of the British people is a will and determination to stop this War which is destroying the manhood and womanhood of Europe. That is the crisis for the British democracy."

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The action taken by the Joint Board, and the "Statement" issued by the Labour Party, which are referred to in the following pages, deserve a reply. Here it is. It is addressed to the entire Labour, Trade Union, and Socialist organisations of Great Britain. Study it well, and discuss it in your Societies, for the future well-being of the Working-Class Movement depends upon your verdict.

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A NEW LAW FOR CHILDREN: By Judge Henry Neil of Chicago

"Jim, we ought to be getting a piano for Katie pretty soon, for she's turned thirteen, and all the girls are learning music."

"Well, Katie, if your ma wants a piano it's up to her to find out how we are going to pay for it and keep the roof over our heads at the same time," replied big, good-natured Jim Haskins.

"Lots of folks who don't make as much money as you do, Jim, have music taught to their children," insisted Mrs. Haskins.

"All right, ma, go as far as you like, but keep out of debt. I'm going to play with the kiddies now."

Just then Henry, age five, and Jennie, two years his junior, executed a bold attack upon the paper their daddy was reading and chorused: "Play train, daddy."

Down on the floor dropped their daddy, which was a signal for Jack, seven, and Mary, nine, to come bounding over from the little desk where they had been making the prettiest pictures in water-colours—that is, they thought they were the prettiest, and daddy and mamma agreed.

Eleven-year-old Jimmie appointed himself conductor. Daddy was the train; the chairs were the stations, and Mary and Jack and Johnnie piled on, while Henry assumed the responsibility of engineer. That let him ride all the time.

From station to station big Jim Haskins crawled on hands and knees until a pair of overworked knees decided that it was bedtime for the little passengers.

Tucking the children in their beds followed goodnight kisses and hugs and prayers. Then Jim Haskins and his wife settled down to the evening paper and the mending.

Next morning after breakfast Jim started off to work; the older children to school. Henry and Jennie ran to the corner with their big daddy, tugging helpfully at his dinner pail.

"Good-bye, kiddies," Jim, kissing them, said. "Meet me to-night."

. . . . . .

"Hoist away, old sport," grinned big Jim Haskins, the most daring structural iron worker on the big twenty-storey building then pushing its head through the clouds.

The little engine topped twice, and Jim was on his way to the top. Sitting lazily on the iron beam drawing him skyward, Jim made ready to grip his hold at the nineteenth storey to be ready for the sudden stop one floor farther up. Below him walked tiny ant-like men; horses and trolley-cars looked like toys.

But there was a sudden stop at the eighteenth storey. It caught him unawares, and he fell, tumbling down past horrified workmen, down to the pavement, a battered mass of flesh and bones.

"Ma'am," the policeman at the Haskins door got out in a broken tone, "Jim has been hurt purty badly."

"Oh, I must go down to him. Henry, you take Jennie over to Mrs. Brown's house and wait while I go down to see papa," cried Mrs. Haskins while she took the baby out of the cradle to carry it to Mrs. Brown's house.

"Well, madam, Jim was hurted too bad; you see he fell, and he's—er—they had to take him to the morgue," blurted out the policeman.

"Oh, my God, Jim's dead," and she fell fainting to the floor, tightly clutching the baby in her arms. The other children screamed, unknowing of the tragedy that had just entered their young lives.

Three days later Jim Haskins was buried. The company were not obliged to pay the widow any compensation, because there was a servants' liability law, or something of that kind, though poor Widow Haskins couldn't understand it.

In just two months the savings had been eaten up and the rent was due again. Widow Haskins couldn't keep her seven little ones in the same comfortable, healthy way they had been used to. The landlord thought they had better find more "suitable" quarters.

"I have hunted for a cheaper place all over," confided the widow to a sympathetic neighbour, "and the best I can do for $10 a month is a three-room flat in a tenement down on Blank Street."

"But that is such a dirty and unsanitary place," objected the neighbour.

"Yes, I know," said the widow, "but Katie and I have figured it out, and $10 a month is the most we can pay for rent; it will take more than Katie and I can earn to pay that and have enough for food and clothes."

Katie got a job at a factory. She had to say she was fourteen to get in, but the foreman said lots of girls did that, and, anyhow, she had to get some kind of work or they would starve.

One night she came home crying bitterly. "Don't you feel good?" asked her mother, who had scrubbed and washed until she, too, had reason to cry out against their fate.

"No, no, it isn't that, but—but—the foreman asked me to work overtime, and then he—he tried to put his arm around me, and I got so frightened I slapped him, and he said I was fired, and now, mamma, I haven't any job, and next week's rent time."

Katie Haskins got another job in a paper box factory, where another girl told her she would not be subjected to the insults she had experienced in her last position. But the wages were a dollar a week less, and that made it all the more difficult for Widow Haskins to make both ends meet.

But she tried to keep the other children, old enough, in school, until one day Jennie "took" the whooping cough, and little Henry and the baby soon had it. That filled the house with more sorrow, and a deal more of care and work on the mother's shoulders. Now she couldn't go out and wash and scrub.

She did the washing and ironing at home then, but in a three-room tenement there was no room for wash-tubs and three sick babies. Then the widow got work in an office building, scrubbing floors from five to eight in the morning and from four to ten at night. It paid her better, but she had to be away from home many hours each day.

Mary had to quit school in order to care for the sick children. Jimmie also quit school when his mother fell down the stairs and sprained her back so badly that she could not scrub any more. The little fellow got a job as a messenger, and that helped out, but still the plainest of food and the cheapest of clothes, added to the doctor bills and the medicine, for one illness after another kept the little Haskins' children in bed, held the "wolf" at the door.

The slum tenement was foul, ill-smelling, unsanitary. Drunken men and women staggered in and out; curses and quarrels rent the air day and night; children grew up with frail sickly bodies and unmoral minds.

The Haskins children forgot the nice, quiet, wholesome neighbourhood where they had lived while their father was alive and absorbed the tenement life with all it means. They didn't go to church or Sunday school any more—they had no fit clothing. Their mother was too ill and overworked to keep them patched and darned and clean. Often at night she was too worn out to kneel with them at prayer. So that was how Jack and Mary happened to be down in the street one morning. Other children were telling how easy it was to "swipe" bananas and other fruit and even vegetables from grocery stores.

They told Jack to try it, and he and Mary slipped up to the corner grocery and took a basket of turnips—they thought it would help out at dinner. But they were not as experienced as the other slum children. They didn't stop to look in and see where the grocery man was. He saw them. Running out quickly he caught both and called a policeman.

"Oh, Missus Haskins," screamed a little urchin, "your Mary and Jack have been pinched by the cop an' he's draggin' 'em to the station."

Mrs. Haskins was just starting out for the police station to see about her little boy and girl caught stealing a basket of turnips when her door opened and a professional charity worker entered.

Between sobs and entreaties for her children Mrs. Haskins answered a score or more of questions. The charity worker said Mrs. Haskins had better bring the rest of the children to the juvenile court next morning, adding, "The two who are there now will remain in the matron's care overnight. No; there is no use of your going down to the station now. This is no fit place to bring up children, anyhow."

Next morning Mrs. Haskins with a baby in her arms, and Henry and Jennie clutching her ragged skirts, appeared in the Juvenile Court room; both had been crying and both were terribly frightened.

In a moment a door opened, and Mary and Jack came in the room. Seeing their mother they cried: "Oh, mamma, save us, take us home; we didn't mean to take anything; the other kids told us to."

A policeman motioned for the widow, and the little children followed her into the enclosure, where one man sat back of a low desk and where several other men and women stood or sat around.

Widow Haskins stood before the man at the desk, the Juvenile Court Judge, and hesitatingly replied to his questions. The policeman told about the theft; the charity worker told the squalor of the home she had "examined."

"It is evident that you cannot provide for your children as they should be provided for," said the Judge. "The home in which you have kept them is unsanitary, and you are endangering their lives. The conditions in which you are rearing them will tend towards their moral corruption.

"For these reasons I order that they be placed in an institution maintained for such children."

"Oh, my babies, please don't take them away from me; they are all I have," cried the mother. "I don't want to live without them. Please, I'll work harder than ever for them. They won't ever take anything again. They're my children. I have suffered and worked for them. They love me, and they don't want to leave their mother."

The children, too, began to cry, some realising what the Judge said, the rest weeping because they saw their mother crying there before that stern man.

There was a tear in the Judge's eye as he replied: "It can't be helped, Mrs. Haskins. It is for the children's good that you must part with them. The oldest, Katherine, may stay with you, and you can then provide for yourself and her."

From the heartbroken mother's arms officers of the court took the six children. As she walked unsteadily from the building she saw them leaving with the charity worker for the orphan asylum.

There wasn't much said that night in the Haskins' tenement home. Both Katie and her mother were too sore-hearted to talk of the rest of the family—the children sent to the orphan asylum. They just sat and cried hopelessly, yearning for the absent little ones. And so it went week after week until months later a man came to the door one day.

"Mrs. Haskins," he said, "my name is Henry Neil. I was in the juvenile court the day the children were taken from you. Afterward I talked with the Judge about your case. He told me that many such families had to be separated every day. He was sorry, but he could do nothing.

"I then started agitation for a law to pension mothers, which would make it possible for fatherless children to be left under the care of the person best qualified to care for them—their mother.

"Yesterday that law went into operation; this morning the Judge has awarded you a mother's pension—not as an act of charity, but as a compensation society owes you. The amount is $49, which is seven dollars a month per child. You can now find a better, cleaner home, and then go for your children. They are yours, and you have now the legal right as well as the moral right, which you have always had, to keep them with you."

The mother sprang up, interested, delighted, seeing a new hope in life.

"My children, thank God I will have my babies again." And she lost little time in finding that new home for them. Little Katie was surprised, too, on her mother walking into the factory. "Quit your work," the breathless mother exclaimed. "Now you can go to school again, and we'll get Jimmie, and Mary, and Jack, and Jennie, and Henry, and the baby. Hurry, hurry, I've got a new home, and the Judge says we can all be together again."

It took up all of the car ride to the orphan asylum to tell Katherine about the mothers' pensions and the new home, and how nice it would all be.

With the Judge's orders in her trembling hand the mother went into the asylum. As she and Katie took their seats in the waiting-room, Mrs. Haskins said, "I guess we will have little need for orphan asylums if mothers get pensions."

Soon little Jack came rushing into his mother's arms, to be followed by Henry and Jennie and Mary. Jimmie came as fast as he could carry his little baby brother.

How happy they all were. The children laughed and kissed and hugged their mother and Katherine. The mother wept for joy.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "can't you take us home? It isn't like home here, and nobody here is like you, mother. We want to be with you."

"We are all going home to a nice new home, like we had before papa died, just as soon as ever you can get your coats and hats on," answered the mother in a voice broken with happiness.

Christmas Books and Booklets

BARGAINS:

8s. 6d. edition Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour," 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 11d.

4s. 6d. edition "The Man-Made World," by Mrs. Perkins Gilman, 2s., by post 2s. 5d.

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MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE: By Mary Arnold, U.S.A.

Executive Secretary of Babies' Welfare Association of New York City.

To those who have not kept pace with the social and economic conditions which exist in large cities the words "Maternity and Child Welfare" would seem almost synonymous with protection, seclusion and parental care. To them maternity, the most sacred function of family life, would be considered the individual responsibility and right of that inner circle which comprises the family unit and those who have thus seen fit to bring little children into the world should naturally be able to look after their welfare. Reasoning of this kind gives one a comfortable feeling and perhaps ought to be true.

However, vital statistics, the records kept of the reported births and deaths, give sufficient evidence to make all thinking people realise that the high mortality amongst babies under one year, and especially under one month, is a record of facts too appalling to be ignored by the community at large. Thus maternity and child welfare, because they are the most sacred and important responsibilities of family life, and because they are surrounded in this complicated world of ours by so many dangers, have taken their place amongst the foremost topics under discussion to-day.

This article is being written in order to give our English sisters a bird's-eye view of some of the conditions under which mothers and their little children live in New York City, and to tell them what is being done to foster and protect the infant life in one of the most crowded and cosmopolitan cities in America.

Amid our population of some 5,000,000 people, are over 3,000,000 foreigners. The fact that New York City is the gateway to a country of broad expanse and large opportunity makes these foreigners that come to our shores eager to push on in their voyage of discovery. In consequence the entire personnel in the crowded foreign sections of the city completely changes every five years. It is, therefore, a question of education, education, and then more education.

New York City has been forced to grow up in the air in order to accommodate its many citizens; apartments and tenements are the results of these crowded conditions. In the sections of the city where Little Italy, Little Hungary, and many other replicas may be found, there are blocks of the usual city size on which no less than four thousand people live.

Therefore, the problems that confront us are many; these people gathered from all over the face of the globe bring with them problems distinctly their own. The Italians, not used to the cold winters and unable to adjust themselves to the change in climate, nail their windows down and live in stifling quarters, with the result that their babies die in great numbers from respiratory diseases, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. The Jews cannot refrain from sharing with their offsprings the joys of sucking a pickle, raw tomato and other equally pernicious delicacies which lead to digestive upsets when indulged in by babies and too often run into diarrhœa, the most dread disease and one which is responsible for the largest group of infant deaths.

To win the confidence of these foreign folk and to teach them how to care for their babies under new conditions is no easy task. For the past twenty-five years there have been private organisations which have realised the need and done excellent work, but because of their limited funds, etc., have been able to reach but a small number of people, and therefore have made no appreciable effect upon the infant death-rate. As time has gone on these organisations have multiplied, and the city has also become aroused to its responsibilities.

The Department of Health, through its Bureau of Child Hygiene, now operates 59 Baby Welfare Stations, where healthy babies are registered and the mothers instructed how to keep them well. There are 21 additional stations operated by three private organisations at the present time, making 80 stations in all, with a total registration of over 23,000 babies. In the last five years the infant death-rate has been reduced from 125 to 98 per thousand babies born, which, after all, is the most graphic way of describing what has been accomplished.

A Federation of all the organisations, private and public, interested in the welfare of babies, known as the Babies' Welfare Association, has been organised in order that all duplication of work may be avoided, co-operation among the organisations furthered, and the work of each made as effective and far-reaching as possible. In consequence, each individual welfare station has a district in which its nurse works, and the city is more completely covered as a result, as several stations have been moved in order to prevent overlapping.

The Maternity Hospitals and district nurses, who do the bedside nursing for the women confined in their homes, report daily to the central office of this Federation, which acts as a clearing house for all baby welfare work, the names and addresses of their discharged maternity cases. These are sorted and sent out by return mail to the nurses in the various welfare stations so that they know and can visit within 48 hours all the new-born babies in their districts. This transferring the baby from the Maternity Hospital to the Welfare Station and putting it under supervision during the first month of life is an important factor in reducing the death-rate among babies during that period.

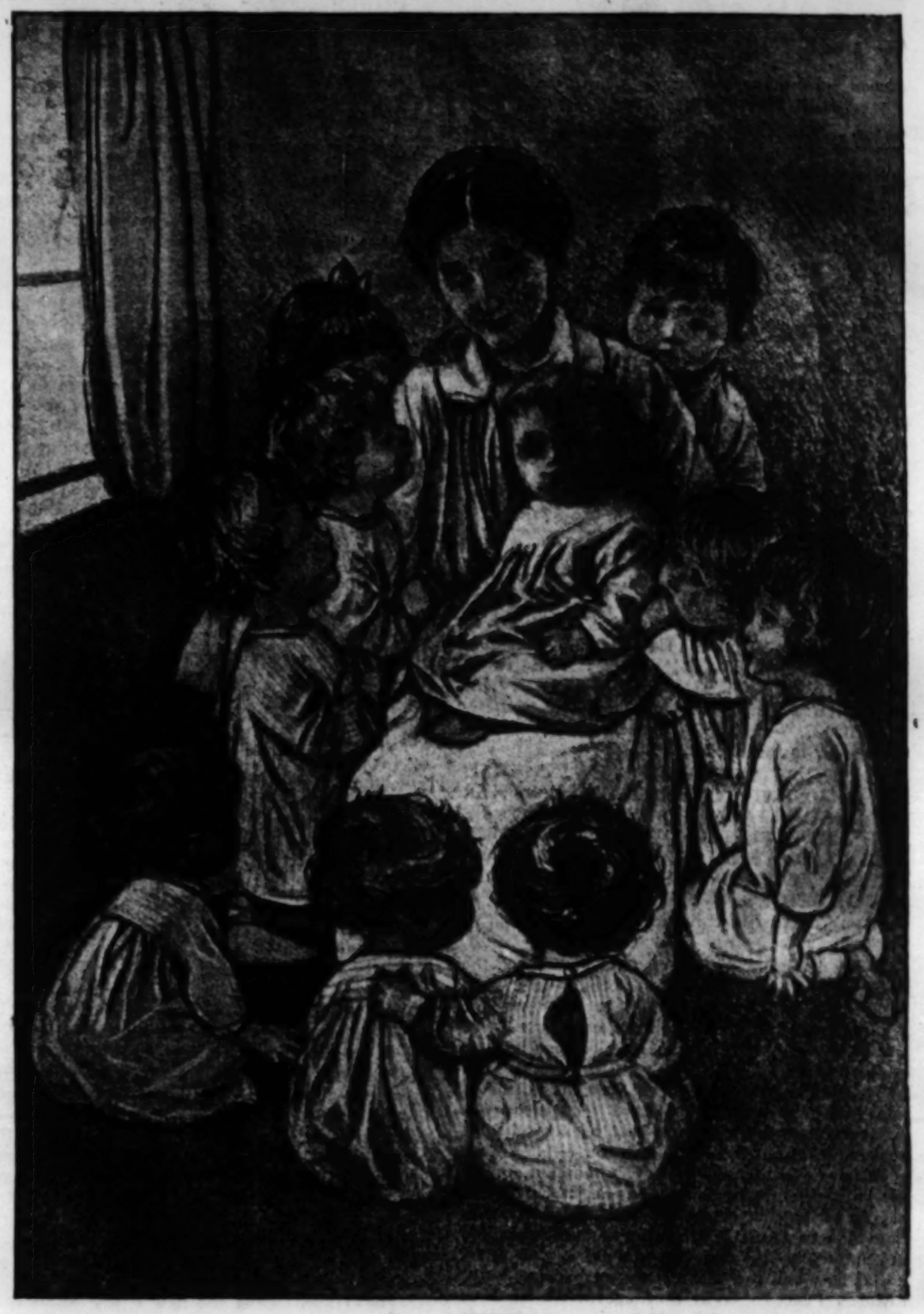
In addition to reaching the mothers and babies themselves, an attempt is being made to educate the "little mother," the girl from 10 to 14, to whom often falls the entire care of her baby brother or sister.

The Department of Health has organised in the public schools, groups of girls known as "Little Mother's Leagues." The girls learn under the guidance of a school nurse and doctor the simple rules of hygiene and general care of the baby. In order to make the teaching practical and of some real value, each member of a Little Mother's League has a special baby, usually one in her own family, for whose condition she is responsible. These children are often able to teach their mothers and neighbours lessons which perhaps they would never learn from any other source.

Pre-natal work is being carried on by several private organisations, and has also been started by the Department of Health, the work of which has only been limited by the fact that enough money has not yet been allocated to it. Despite the fact that there are 34 hospitals which have maternity wards, and 14 which send doctors and nurses out in the district to care for women in their homes, the midwife still does a flourishing business. Her elimination in a city where so many women of foreign origin refuse to have any one else to care for them when confined is practically impossible; she has, therefore, been licensed, supervised and educated. A school for midwives has been organised, and only graduates of this school or some foreign school of good standing are permitted to practise.

There are some 400 organisations actively working in this city in the interest of child welfare, but the functions which they perform are too varied and too many to cover in an article of this kind.

New York City is very much alive to the needs of its future citizens, as was demonstrated in our Baby Week campaign of last spring. Business clubs, advertising leagues, women's organisations, department stores, automobile companies, and practically every type of concern when appealed to were willing to do their share in planning a city-wide celebration for Baby Week.



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By S. B. Pearse

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Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service?

SHALL IT BE PEACE?

"GERMANY, WITH HER ALLIES, CONSCIOUS OF THEIR RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE GOD, BEFORE THEIR OWN NATION AND BEFORE HUMANITY, HAVE PROPOSED THIS MORNING TO THE HOSTILE POWERS TO ENTER INTO PEACE NEGOTIATIONS."—From the speech of the German Chancellor in the Reichstag.

"BEING AT THE SAME TIME INSPIRED BY A DESIRE TO PREVENT FURTHER BLOODSHED AND TO PUT AN END TO THE CRUELTIES OF WAR, THE FOUR ALLIED POWERS HAVE PROPOSED TO ENTER FORTHWITH INTO PEACE NEGOTIATIONS."—From the Peace Note of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey.

In the panic created by fear and greed, and the pride of Armies and Navies that brought the great catastrophe of War upon us, Germany was the first to make formal declaration of hostilities; and now from the German side comes the first offer of peace.

We welcome the offer. At last the rulers of one group of belligerents have recognised the futility of fighting to secure that wicked and impossible thing, a decisive victory for either side—a decisive victory must mean exhaustion for all the nations engaged; it can be no victory for the people of any nation, but a crushing defeat in that hideous battle where misery, starvation, and degeneracy are the common enemies.

But how will the Allies reply to this first move towards Peace? Will they accept the offer to discuss terms in a spirit which will make further negotiation possible?

If negotiations are opened will the rival groups of belligerent Powers put forward reasonable terms framed, not for the benefit of particular groups, but with a view to the welfare of all nations, both great and small?

The duty of each one of us is not to speculate as to what the Governments and peoples of other countries may do, but to use our influence to secure that our own nation, through the mouthpiece of its Government, shall do justice and cast bitterness behind.

As we write, the British Government has not spoken, but even when it has spoken the power of the people can, if exerted with sufficient determination, reverse anything that the Government may say or do. The deposing of the last Government by a group of determined individuals should show us that!

The capitalist Press is urging the Government to reject all peace offers.

The "Daily Chronicle" argues for continuing the War, and talks of the superiority of guns and munitions that the Allies will have in the spring and of Germany's growing weakness. Such false predictions, alas, have been heard before! But despite the gloomy prospect of further slaughter the "Chronicle" says:

For ourselves we have always urged, and still do, the disarmament of the Prussian military machine—the surrender or destruction of its Navy and also of the whole of its artillery; and we doubt whether the nightmare of a further competition in armaments, leading to a further war, can be got rid of on any less drastic terms.

The "Daily News" replies with provocative insolence: it suggests that whilst agreeing to negotiate, the Allies should insist on terms that only an abjectly beaten Germany could accept.

But the "News" and the "Chronicle" turned their coats when War was declared; they will turn them again as occasion offers.

The statement of "The Times," is weightier and more sinister, for it comes from the jingo group that throughout the War has made the British Government dance to its own tune. "The Times" says:

"There can be no compromise and no talk of a 'drawn war.'"

"The Times" speaks for the armament gang, which is waxing rich on the ruin of the world. It speaks for the financiers, whose coffers for generations to come will be filled by the interest on the money that they are lending to the Government to fight the War, and who have deposed McKenna in order to replace him by a Chancellor who will increase that interest. It speaks for the greedy company promoters who wish to fasten their grip upon Asia Minor when Turkey is driven out and to increase their wealth a hundred fold by exploiting the helpless people there.

"The Times" does not speak for the soldiers suffering martyrdom in the trenches; not for those soldiers who are brutally "crucified" by way of punishment for trivial breaches of discipline; not for those whose feet will be lost by frostbite during this coming winter; not for the men who will be hideously maimed; not for those who will lose their lives. "The Times" does not speak for the growing army of sorrowing widows, or for the mothers whose sons will soon be killed. It does not speak for the poor who will be made to starve as the War continues, the little children, ill-clad and hungry, shivering in the winter winds.

Men and women speak for yourselves. "The Times" will not help you. Can you not realise that these workers fighting and dying, starving and sorrowing in the other countries are like yourselves? They will not profit from what is called a victory for their nation. Neither will you.

From Germany come rumours of rioting amongst the people, who cry for Peace. In Russia is bitter discontent, and Ministers of State are constantly being changed. In France, as here, there has been a Government crisis, and a small War Cabinet has been formed. The Commander-in-Chief has been superseded. Joffre, the applauded popular hero, has been thrust aside, as Kitchener would have been in this country if he had lived. Men of experience counsel accepting peace terms at this juncture, therefore they encounter the enmity of the reckless money gang.

The jingoes have seized the reins of power and hard times are before us all if they succeed in holding them. Lloyd George is their tool and puppet, chosen because he has the gift of weaving a glamourous covering for hard and ugly facts. He is like a man building a rude mud hut on marshy, fever-infected land, who sings as he builds, calling it a marble palace with pillars of alabaster wonderfully carved, who throws on the ground a few bits of rag and coloured paper, and tells us that a garden of lovely flowers is blossoming about the place; who makes prisons and courts of punishment, and tells us that they are legislatures for the people, and who rivets shackles upon us, saying that he is crowning us as kings and queens.

"The Times" calls the new Prime Minister a wizard, and we think that perhaps he deceives himself as well as others, believing that his descriptions and his intentions will in some way transform the unsatisfactory legislation that generally follows his most glowing promises.

Be that as it may, Lloyd George, in spite of the fact that he is the chosen champion of the coercionists, is still able to make wide sections of people think that he is a democrat. He has put in his small War Council of five, two of the most dangerous reactionaries in present-day politics—Lords Curzon and Milner. Both these men gained their administrative experience in the East, where government is merely dictation and coercion is the order of the day. Lord Curzon was Viceroy of India, Lord Milner has been Under-Secretary of Finance in Egypt, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and High Commissioner of South Africa. He is one of those who caused the South African War.

Lloyd George is in the act of establishing a dictatorship, but to mask that truth a legend is growing up that he is about to democratise the Government of this country by establishing Parliamentary Committees on the French plan for foreign affairs, finance, and so on. Wishing to believe this legend; hoping that coercion now may lead to freedom in the future, some democrats refrain from opposing him.

And in the same manner Lloyd George goes to the members of the Labour Party. He offers them a share of power. "You are concerned" he says, "for the welfare of disabled soldiers and sailors, and for the position of Labour now and after the War. I will answer your fears by appointing one of yourselves to manage each of these departments, and, moreover, you shall have one of the five seats in the small Cabinet of War."

If rumour speaks truly, Lloyd George has made many other promises to the Labour Party. He is said to have pledged himself to the conscription of wealth in order that the rich and not the poor may pay for the War, to the nationalisation of the shipping and the mines, to the Government control of food, to fixed prices to prevent profiteering, and equal rationing of the population in case of shortage, and to the raising of separation allowances and pensions. These are all things for which the Labour Party has asked: Lloyd George has seemed to agree to every demand.

Ah, we know his manner, his enthusiastic spontaniety: he seems when he speaks to be ranging himself beside the workers, eager to fight with them against all exploitation! Perhaps he *is*; just at the time. But swiftly as he rose to the seat of power, more swiftly will he fall from it, if he transgresses the orders of his masters behind the scenes.

And meanwhile coercion and ruthlessness are preparing at home: the conscription of men and women from 16 to 60 years, with food growing scarcer and scarcer, some staples rationed, and all else prohibitive in price; freedom of speech, and agitation for freedom more and more sternly repressed; abroad more ruthless fighting, and the number of dead and mutilated growing fast.

By the glowing promises, the wizard speech of the New Prime Minister, by the newspaper stories of his wisdom, courage, and activity, we are asked to agree to the continuing of the War branch

and the thrusting aside of the longed-for olive

Be not deceived or distracted: only evil can come from continuing the War.

The members of the late Government, whom the jingo faction has deposed, have not admitted any desire for peace. They have promised to support the new administration, although they will not share the responsibility of the reckless course which the new Government has been created to pursue. Lord Grey spoke of the courage of his colleagues; we are amazed at their strange cowardice. They were put into power to inaugurate better things. They took up the threads of diplomacy left by their Conservative predecessors, and followed them to the inevitable catastrophe. In Peace time they lied to Parliament and people, and told them that all was fair and without danger: throughout the War they have feared to speak the truth that would lead to peace, and to tear from the eyes of the people the curtain of lies that alone makes it possible for the War to go on.

Will they speak now, will they have the courage to counsel pacific measures? Or will they remain cowering in shameful silence to the end?

Will Burns speak? Will Morley speak? These men might stop the War if they would but tell the truth!

We must insist that the offer to negotiate be accepted.

That the Peace terms offered by the British Government and the Allies shall be made public in order that the peoples of the Allied and opposing countries may know what they are.

We must formulate, too, our own proposals, which should include:—

The establishment of an International Council.

The freedom of the seas.

Disarmament and denavalisation for all nations.

No territory to be transferred without the consent of its population.

Measures to prevent the exploitation of weaker people by capitalists of the so-called civilised Powers.

We must determine that if the offer to negotiate be not accepted by the British Government, a referendum vote of the men and women of the country shall be taken to decide the matter. The jingoes pretend to speak for the people; we assert that they do not.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

It is rumoured that the Government may speedily discover that it cannot command a majority of the House of Commons, and that a General Election may therefore take place shortly. We urge the necessity for the immediate enactment of Adult Suffrage in order that every man and woman may vote when the election comes.

* * * *

The French Government Bill providing for a fresh medical examination of men exempted or discharged from active service, including those disabled and pensioned, is arousing widespread resentment. The discharged soldiers have an organisation of their own which has moved a resolution of protest. The resolution has been suppressed by the Censor.

* * * *

Our readers will welcome the second edition of Mr. Morel's "Truth and the War."* The preface is an admirable answer to the many critics of his work.

* "Truth and the War," by E. D. Morel. Second edition. Price 2s. net.

* * * *

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FROM .....

TO OUR READERS from Norah L. Smyth

The Christmas season is upon us and our minds turn naturally to the ideas of Peace on Earth and goodwill towards men and to the way in which they can be best brought about. All readers of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT will acknowledge that these are the underlying principles of the work of the W.S.F., but they are, perhaps, at the present time the most difficult things to attain. The daily Press would have us believe that nothing is so unpopular as Peace, but we are sure that this is not so, and that if only a strong lead were given, millions in this country would be clamouring for the War to be brought to an end. It is our duty to shake off the shackles of fear and come boldly into the open and work for Peace.

We are planning a vigorous Peace Campaign for the New Year, but to do this effectively we urgently need more money and more workers. Will *you* help? Do not think you are not sufficiently capable or sufficiently rich, but do or give what you can. Do not wait until the tide turns, but *make* it turn. You can if you will.

Our work among the women and children becomes increasingly difficult as the high prices caused by the War rob them of the necessaries of life; all improvements in housing, pure milk, etc., are at a standstill, so that every available penny may be commandeered for killing the fathers of the rising generation. This section of our work is growing daily harder because of the increased cost of everything, therefore we appeal to our readers to help us financially and to get their friends to do the same. Lord Northcliffe says that taxation falls on those best able to bear it—the rich. If he lived in the East End on 25s. or 30s. a week he would say something very different, and would not be so keen on fighting to the bitter end—and the way is bitter, though the end is not yet in sight.

Apart from our distress work we carry on propaganda for votes for all, which absorbs much of our funds, as speakers, organisers, and clerical staff, however whole-hearted they are in the movement, cannot live on air. Besides which there is the DREADNOUGHT, which carries the message of the hope of better things, not only through this country, but as far as to India, Australia, and New Zealand. Help us to increase its circulation still more. We appeal to you each individually to give of your utmost either to our Babies' Fund, our DREADNOUGHT Guarantee Fund, or to our Fund for Peace and Votes for Men and Women.

If you are in sympathy with our aims, join the W.S.F. and make it a living force for good throughout the land. Do not forget that this Christmas number makes the best Christmas card possible, not a thing to be looked at and thrown away, but to be read and re-read and handed on to friends.

While appealing to you to help us in the future, I take this opportunity of thanking our very many and generous friends for their support and sympathy in the past, which has often kindled the flame of hope within us when it was dying down.

You have it in your power to lighten the financial burden that rests upon us, and we confidently believe that you will each do your share in bringing peace of mind to the officers of the W.S.F. who wish you all a very Happy Christmas.

* * * *

Gamage Hall, Dymock, Glos.

Dear Editor,—As a reader of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT since the commencement, I am anxious to help to build up the DREADNOUGHT Fund, and I hope that other readers may be willing to join me in doing so.

I therefore suggest that we should collect a New Year's gift for the DREADNOUGHT Fund in the shape of an annual guarantee fund of £500. I suggest that those who join the fund should guarantee to provide £10 a year, either as a gift or a collection.

I hope other readers will join me in this scheme.

Yours, etc., ALICE M. BUCHAN.

MERTHYR CONFERENCE

The Conference of the National Council for Civil Liberties, which was adjourned from Cardiff to Merthyr, was most successful. The following resolutions were passed:—

There were 593 delegates (representing 329,767 persons).

1. Industrial Conscription: This Conference holds that military compulsion has already involved industrial compulsion and endangered industrial conditions, and demands that this invasion of the rights of labour at once cease, and that guarantees be given for its non-recurrence.—By J. H. Thomas, M.P.

2. Maladministration and Repeal: This Conference holds that the administration of effects of conscription in this country have proved a national disaster, and calls upon the Government to review and correct the administration of the Act in regard to conscientious objectors, domestic hardship, etc., and to guarantee that there shall be no further extension of the Act during the War, and an immediate return to an entirely voluntary system on the conclusion of peace.—By Rev. Dr. Walter Walsh.

3. Civil Liberty: This Conference views with alarm the recent progressive invasions of liberty of person, speech, and opinion in this country, and demands the immediate restoration of the traditional rights of British citizens.—By J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.

4. Peace Negotiations: This Conference is of the opinion that the time has arrived when the objects for which this nation entered upon the War may be secured by negotiation. It therefore urges His Majesty's Government to seek the earliest opportunity of promating peace, and to assure the Government of its unqualified support in any step it may take to bring the War to a satisfactory and honourable end.—By Mrs. H. A. Swanwick, M.A., and the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, M.A.

In the gallery there were from 1,800 to 2,000 visitors. There was no opposition of any kind; on the other hand, all the proceedings were marked with unprecedented enthusiasm. Many of the mines in the near neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydfil had to close down owing to the fact that so many of the men had the day off in order to come to the conference.

MEATLESS DAYS

It is stated that Compulsory Meatless Days are to be instituted By Order of the Board of Trade after Christmas. *The Times* quotes Mr. W .H. Beveridge of the Labour Exchanges as saying:—

"To eat meat on the days on which it is prohibited by the State will be a sin against the nation. If found out it will be punished, and secret sins often spring to light when least expected."

We suppose the policemen are to continue sniffing the air for suspicious smells, and keeping a sharp look out at the back door.

But what is to be done about the people who cannot afford to buy either meat or a substitute?

* * * *

The workers at Salomon's clothing factories in Circus Street, Marylebone, and Barret Street, at the rear of Selfridge's, are on strike because of the lowering of prices on leather waistcoats and the dismissal of four workers. Last week two pickets were warned off by the police. Two other pickets, Jack Clip and Israel Rubinstein, were sent down from the offices of the Trade Union, but were arrested. They are at present held without trial.

DEMAND PEACE

Write to the members of the Government and to your local Member of Parliament, urging that the offer of Peace negotiations from the Enemy Powers shall be accepted, and that the Government shall make public the terms that it intends to offer in order that the people may express their opinion upon them.

DEMAND ADULT SUFFRAGE

Write also demanding that Adult Suffrage may be enacted in time for the General Election.

FOREIGN NEWS

The "Gazette de Lausanne" published the following telegram:—"We learn that France, England and Italy have sent to the Swiss Federal Council a Note demanding that Switzerland shall give to these Powers the advantages secured to Germany under the Swiss German agreement. For instance, Germany forbids Switzerland to export to the Allies goods manufactured on machines of German origin. The Entente demands now that Switzerland shall not supply to Germany goods made on machines for which oil is supplied from Allied countries. They also demand that Switzerland shall not send to Germany power produced by copper imported from Allied countries."

* * * *

At the last Reichstag meeting the Socialist Deputy Wurm said that in Dresden 80,000 persons demonstrated for peace before the Town Hall and the Home Office, and a deputation was sent to the Minister saying: We demand food; we demand peace!"

The deputation urged that the patience of the masses is exhausted, and that the Government of Saxony should urge Berlin to work towards a speedy peace. The Minister admitted that the demand was justified, and promised that the Saxon Government would do what it could in this direction. The 80,000 people returned quietly to their homes. Behind them in Germany are millions who think like them.

* * * *

In the German Reichstag the Censorship was debated for two days. It was criticised by speakers of all parties, who complained that the official reports of the Reichstag debates are censored. The Government promised reform, but it is stated that the report on the very debate of October 28th, in which the promise was made, was afterwards censored, including the statement of Dr. Helferich, the Secretary of State.

* * * *

The "Bataille" publishes a terrible description from Cresenoy, Alsne—France. Directly after the soldiers leave the dining-rooms troops of poor children rush into the rooms to pick up the remnants of food. They jump on to the tables and lick the plates. It is heartbreaking to watch these starving children, ragged and barefooted, shivering with cold, and showing the marks of starvation.

* * * *

The miserable position of the Roumanian Jews has become still worse since Roumania entered the War. Jews are ill-treated in the Roumanian Army, and though the Jewish soldiers are being killed on the battlefields like others, according to an interview with the Roumanian Ambassador in Paris, the Roumanian Government will not pledge itself to give Jews the rights of citizenship, and only promises facilities for naturalisation to Jews who have specially distinguished themselves in the War.

DEMAND PEACE!

Come to the

DEMONSTRATION

East India Dock Gates, Poplar

SUNDAY 17th DECEMBER

3.30 p.m.

W.S.F. EXHIBITION

People were flocking into the Workers' Suffrage Federation Exhibition at the Caxton Hall before the opening ceremony last Wednesday, and one saw well-known people like Olive Schreiner, H. W. Nevinson, and Mrs. Cobden Sanderson amongst the crowd. Mrs. Boyce was at the garment stall, Mrs. Leigh Rothwell at the W.S.F. literature stall, Miss Evelyn Sharp at the U.S. stall, Mrs. Sanger at the hat stall, and Mrs. Lamartine Yates at the S.W.S.P.U. stall.

The soft grey colour of the stalls was lit by brilliant bunting, in which the purple, green and red of the W.S.F. predominated.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst took the chair at the opening ceremony, and briefly introduced the boys from the London College of Choristers, whose silvery voices and dainty singing were a delight, and for whose presence the Federation was indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Harry Schütze. Mr. Israel Zangwill was in one of his wittiest moods which gave an emphasis to his speech as opener that is lacking to the printed page. He said:

This is the second exhibition I have had the honour of opening this year. Hitherto, on account of my manual clumsiness, I had shirked such jobs—but now that I have discovered with what facility exhibitions can be opened, I see that it requires only the gift of the gab, resembling in that respect the Government of England

In the government of the Workers' Suffrage Federation and its manifold activities (on whose behalf this Exhibition has been got up) there is fortunately more organising ability, a more human ideal than is likely to be discovered even in the most up-to-date Cabinet. What the country needs is not man power so much as brain-power and soul-power. It is because Miss Sylvia Pankhurst in the East End is a greater centre of sweetness and light than anything or anybody in Whitehall that I feel it such a privilege to support her. When she first founded a paper with the clumsy title of THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT, I must confess that my literary sense shuddered, but now it has so lived up to its name that my only anxiety is lest it be torpedoed by the submarine censorship. "Who is Sylvia?" asked the old poet, "that all our swains adore her?" The Workers' Suffrage Federation supplies the answer. That Federation is not now exclusively engaged with the Suffrage question, though a deputation from its East London branch six weeks before the War was the first to convince Mr. Asquith of the tragic realities that lie behind the demand for the female vote. War-work has necessarily absorbed some of the Federation's energies—though the Distress and Welfare Bureau, the cheap meals in some of our most celebrated slums, the toy factory for people out of work, and the Maternity and Infant Clinics, belong, alas! as much to what we call Peace as to War proper. Still, even the man in the street can appreciate them in these days. With so many mothers earning too little to look after their children, the Day Nursery in Bow is a particular boon. It is hoped, if you are generous, to add a dental clinic* to these activities. There is already a Milk Fund, presumably for those who cannot avail themselves of the dental clinic.

The Federation has also given children's entertainments and parties, though I must confess I was shocked to read in the annual report of a Christmas party given to 900 children in Bow Baths. I would suggest that it be replaced by a midsummer party, or that at least the water be warmed.* I trust that Dr. Barbara Tchaykovsky, whose work for children we all so much admire, had nothing to do with this particular barbarism. This is the only criticism I have to make on the Federation, but I doubt if it will be heeded. Even the Government, I notice, does not heed my criticism. But if there is one thing in the annual report that has shocked me, there is another which has delighted me beyond measure. It is that the Federation has converted a public-house into a nursery. But this is not all. It has re-christened the public-house, "The Mothers' Arms." Was there ever a finer stroke of wit? But there is still something better. For the original name of the public-house—also not without wit—was "The Gunmaker's Arms." Now the whole hope of the wor'd lies in changing "The Gunmaker's Arms" into "The Mother's Arms." I trust that our Sylvia's action will be symbolic of the whole future course of history. For we will not pretend here that we are saving these babies merely so that they may grow up to be food for cannon. We are delighted indeed that, even if through war, England's eyes have been at last opened to the importance of babies, but we fervently hope that by the time these babies in our Bow Nursery grow up—and that gives enough time for crushing Germany to satisfy the most ardent patriot—all the Gunmakers' Arms in the world will be scrapped.

For though we can never be grateful enough to our brave soldiers and sailors who go through fire and water on our behalf—sufferings and sacrifices which I hope the ardent patriot will not forget when the time comes to pay up their pensions or replace them in their jobs—we must never for a moment overlook that the war-work forced upon us by Prussian militarism, whether it is done by our soldiers or our munition makers, is worse than unproductive.

There are in fact four separate losses:

(1) The cost of making the munitions of war, guns, tanks, shells, etc., etc.

(2) The cost of using them—i.e., the upkeep and travel-

(Continued on page 626.)

* The Dental Clinic is already an accomplished fact, but is in need of funds, which will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer.

CAXTON HALL EXHIBITION

(continued from page 625)

ling expenses of the Army and Navy.

(3) The value of the work that might have been done by the soldiers, sailors, and munition makers in that same time.

(4) The cost of what they and their munitions destroy.

Only the last of these is borne by the enemy: the first three alone run into thousands of millions, sufficient to regenerate all England and replace every slum by a garden city. And however wonderful England's effort—and it *is* a wonderful effort—even popular patriots like Mr. Harold Begbie cannot look on at the marvellous energising of a colossal munition town without crying out: "Oh, if only all this were not for death, but for life!" That sentiment must be for us the great lesson of the War—and if only this lesson is rubbed in, our young men will not have died in vain. . . .

Mr. Zangwill went on to point out that "The Times" Red Cross Fund, after three years of indefatigable effort on the part of people throughout the Empire and in neutral countries, now amounted to £5,000,000, precisely the sum which is spent on the War each day, and the War had lasted 856 days. He also drew attention to the fact that the vast population of London is equalled by the corpses on the European battlefields.

Mr. Zangwill then analysed the rival alternatives for ending the present War, and gave it as his opinion that while any but the most complete and improbable crushing of Germany could only produce a patched-up peace, the establishment of the American League of Nations was by far the better way to the final peace, of which the whole world dreamed.

Mr. Herbert Cole's charming programme, which was being sold in the hall for the small price of 2d., and which is well worth keeping for its own sake, directed the visitors from point to point. Mrs. Drake presided at the food prices exhibit in the main hall, where actual commodities were arranged showing a typical working woman's housekeeping budget that before the War amounted to 16s. 10½d. now costs 32s. 4½d., and displaying:

Bloaters that before the War were ½d. each, and now cost 2½d.; bacon, pre-War price 7d., now 1s. 2d.; broken biscuits, pre-War price 2½d. per lb., now 8d.; rabbit, pre-War price 3½d. per lb., now 8d. per lb.; rice, pre-War price 1½d. per lb., now 3½d.; carrots, pre-War price 3lb. for 1d., now 1d. per lb.; onions, pre-War price, ½d. per lb., now 2½d.; cheese, pre-War price 6d., now 1s. 2d.; condensed milk, pre-War price 1½d. per tin, now 3½d. per tin; matches, pre-War price 1½d. per dozen, now 8d.; horrible dark sugar, 6d. per lb., not seen before the war; and so on.

The charts prepared by Miss Emily Dyce Sharp show:

That for 1s. we now get less sugar than we used to buy for 4½d.; less fish than we used to get for 4½d.; little more egg than we used to get for 5d.; less potatoes and chilled breast of mutton than we used to get for 5½d.; little more flank of beef than we used to get for 6d., and so on.

At the sweated industries exhibit prepared by Mrs. Savoy, of Bow, and Dr. Tchaykovsky, Mrs. Savoy herself was making brushes, filling the holes with bristles and wiring them in for 1d. per brush.

Next to her a mother and daughter were making match-boxes, powder boxes, and tack boxes, which are paid for at 3½d. and 3½d. and 2¾d. a gross respectively. The mother has had 47 years' experience, but can only make one gross of match-boxes in two hours. She has to pay 1d. for hemp for a gross of boxes, 2d. per gross for flour for paste out of what she earns.

A soldier's wife and mother of six children was making boys' khaki suits at 8½d. each. She has to find her own soap and cotton; it costs her 6d. for two spools of cotton and 2d. for soap to make ten suits. She has 1s. 6d. a week to pay for the hire of the sewing machine, and makes about a dozen suits a week, so that she only gets about 6s. 2½d. a dozen suits.

Mrs. Halford, of the National Association for Infant Welfare, presided near by over a stall of educative literature which hammered home such facts.

The East London Toy Factory stall, on which was a display of monkeys, lambs, rabbits, dogs, and dolls of all sorts, showed well-made goods produced under happier conditions in which higher wages are combined with a forty-four hour working week.

The Montessori demonstration given from three to six each day by tiny children of three and four years from the Mothers' Arms, is the first of its kind ever seen in London.

The room set apart for it was charmingly arranged. Walter Crane colour prints were hung on the white dado just level with the children's eyes. The upper walls and the tiny tables and chairs were of dark green. The children in their butcher-blue overalls worked away building the pink tower, and the long stair, or lacing and buttoning bright coloured leather and stuff. Although the mites have only been under the care of Miss Muriel Matters and her able coadjutors, Miss Pleasance Napier and Miss Hildegarde Gunn, a few short weeks, they were so much absorbed in their work that they were in no way distracted by the visitors who sat in rows watching them and crowded in peering over each other's shoulders at the open door.

When tea-time came they carefully laid the tables, and when they sat down to eat, one little child waited upon the others with grave courtesy. Then they cleared away tidily and swept up the crumbs.

Miss Matters' own explanation of the method and her stories of her experiences in bringing it to East London children was eagerly heard, and in response to many requests was repeated on the last day.

The Proportional Representation lecture by Mr. H. Humphreys, of the P.R.S., with Lady Courtney in the chair, evoked much interest. In the election, in which every visitor to the election might vote, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was at the head of the poll, Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Philip Snowden were also declared elected.

A delightful concert was arranged by Mrs. Hercbergova and Madame Maria Levinskaja at which:

Madame Maria Levinskaja (pianist), Madame Vera Kastelianski (vocalist), Monsieur Edward Soermus (violinist), Monsieur Carlo Liten (reciter); dancers from the Margaret Morris School of Dance (the Misses Flossie Jolley and Kathleen Dillon), Mr. Austen Carnegie (baritone).

most generously gave their services.

There were speeches during the exhibition by Mr. George Lansbury, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Leigh Rothwell, and Mr. R. L. Outhwaite, M.P.

It had been arranged many weeks ago that Miss Hobhouse should open the Exhibition on the third day, December 9th. On November 28th the following paragraph appeared in the "Daily Express":—

MISS HOBHOUSE AT CAXTON HALL.

To the Editor of the "Daily Express."

Sir,—It is hardly credible, but apparently a fact, that the proprietors of Caxton Hall have actually let their premises for a gathering at which Miss Emily Hobhouse is advertised as one of the speakers on December 7.

How any people can be so destitute of decent feeling as to allow their hall to be let for such a purpose is difficult to realise. Please remember that the British Government never gave her permission to enter enemy territory. The only reason she was not punished was because no clause then in the Defence of the Realm Act dealt with her offence. That does not make her guilt any the less, and yet here are the owners of Caxton Hall letting their premises for a speech by this woman.

ANTI-GERMAN.

Next day the Workers' Suffrage Federation received the following letter from the Clerk to the Westminster City Council:—

Westminster City Hall,
Charing Cross Road, W.C.
28th November, 1916.

Madam,—The attention of the Westminster City Council has been called to a letter in this morning's "Daily Express," which states that Miss Emily Hobhouse is to be one of the speakers at the opening of your Exhibition at Caxton Hall on the 7th December next.

Unless I can have an assurance from you by Thursday next, the 30th instant, that Miss Hobhouse will not speak at Caxton Hall during your Exhibition, I shall have to cancel the letting.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN HUNT,
Town Clerk.

Miss Norah L. Smyth,
Workers' Suffrage Federation,
400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

The Federation consulted Miss Hobhouse, who is at present in exceedingly poor health, and in view of this fact, of the practical impossibility of obtaining another hall capable of accommodating the Exhibition, and of the large sum of money already spent upon advertising, &c., it was reluctantly decided to notify the Town Clerk that Miss Hobhouse would not speak. An interview with the Town Clerk was afterwards published in the "Daily Express," in which he stated that if this Federation had not written to say that Miss Hobhouse would speak, the Hall would have been refused.

The Federation is now taking the matter up with the City Council, and, amongst other things, is making inquiries as to whether the action of the Clerk was authorised by the Council.

The exclusion of Miss Hobhouse from the Caxton Hall at the instance of the "Daily Express" is an act of which the Westminster City Council, if it is to be responsible, has reason to be ashamed. The incident is typical of the terrorism of the campaign of intimidation which certain sections of the Jingo Press are allowed to carry on unchecked.

It is interesting to note that visitors to the Exhibition pronounced it to be a pacifist exhibition; but the Press ignored the pacifist note and described it as having "a real war-time touch"!

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Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR: by Israel Zangwill

Once more we celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace. And never, may it safely be said, in all the nineteen hundred celebrations of the sacred birthday has it been observed under more appropriate conditions—conditions more in harmony with the teachings of the faith on which is founded all that is noblest and most progressive in modern civilisation. For we are at last destroying War—the beast from the bottomless pit—with his own weapons; planting the white rose of human brotherhood on the grave of Germany, and writing in gigantic red letters across the planet the gospel of Peace and Goodwill. No wonder that in a holy union of the Churches, unknown since the fell German, Luther, sowed the seed of discord, Catholic pulpit vies with Protestant, and the great crusade for righteousness links the Old Kirk with the Newest Theology, and the Welsh Baptist with the dusky Wesleyan from Fiji. As the Bishop of London so eloquently observes, we are now able to realise as never before the sacrifice of the Master, for each soldier in all the allied armies is himself a Christ. Every Briton, Russian, Belgian, Frenchman, Rumanian, Italian, Portuguese, Montenegrin, Serbian, or Greek (of the Venizelist faction)—nay, every Hindoo, Moor, Zouave, Maori, Cingalese, Senegalese, or Jap, whether of the true faith or still nominally in heathen darkness—who is fighting without a thought of self for the freedom of small nations against the Anti-Christ of militarism and oppression, against the brutal Hun, the bestial Bulgarian, and the infidel Turk, deserves a place upon that scroll of honour whereon humanity has inscribed its saints and martyrs. The reverential eye of the future will read the name of Joffre side by side with that of Father Damien, and Thomas à Kempis shall stand in sublime juxtaposition with Jellicoe. How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of the Alpini, bringing bayonets! And the exploding shell—with its aureole of colours—how marvellously—as Sir Ian Hamilton points out—it recalls the Holy Grail of knightly quest! Assuredly the hagiography of the future will find a place for Sir Ian Hamilton's own despatches, and we shall read them with the same unction as Bunyan's "Holy War." Orders for the Day and Lessons for the Day shall blend in liturgic union. Is not, indeed, Gallipoli the Gethsemane of Britain?

And if the war itself is thus a sublime example of the Christian spirit, still more is the brotherhood it teaches exemplified by the new brotherhood of arms that links black with white, yellow with brown. That unchristian arrogance of the European, who so long refused to fight side by side with the Asiatic, has shrivelled up in a day: everywhere we are hastening in a passion of fraternity to uplift the status of coloured humanity. To this new ardour for the truths of the Cross it no longer suffices to comb Christendom, and the Burman is the latest, though not, it is to be hoped the last, to be admitted into this League of Man.

It is doubly sad, therefore, that Greece, in whose language the Gospel was written, and in whose history Thermopylæ is the noblest word, should hold aloof from the fight for oppressed nationalities. It is a reminder of the mongrel blood with which the clear Hellenic strain has been debased. There must be no compromise with this miserable majority: it must be dragooned if it cannot be persuaded, coerced if it cannot be converted. The liberties of Greece are too sacred to be confided to such corrupt and degenerate hands. Greece, willy-nilly, must help to save Belgium and vindicate the public law of Europe. She is a constitutional country that with no uncertain voice has elected Venizelos to represent her, and it is part of this very war to assert those constitutional principles on which rest the greatness of England, of France, and of Russia. The Greek might have fought side by side with the gallant Irishman, the heroic Hindoo, the loyal Finlander, the chivalrous Russian Pole: he has preferred an immortal ingloriousness. But let not Greece suppose she will escape punishment. Cyprus—which she dared to refuse at our hands, though it has a majority of Hellenes—shall never be hers now. The Sybil does not offer her books twice.

And in the rest of the War-zone our crusade must be—and under the banner of St. George it *will* be—as stern and unfaltering. While scrupulously avoiding the murderous methods of the Teuton, while our bombs must rigidly respect civilians, and our blockade of Germany chivalrously regard the needs of children and the sick, we dare not sheathe the sword till the military domination of Germany is wholly and finally destroyed. The air is full of peace-conspiracies and peace-babble. But in the dictionary of England there is no such word as "peace": that is the shibboleth of the pro-German. For peace is not now an ideal but an intrigue, not an aspiration

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but a treachery to the cause of man. A patched-up peace that would not guarantee itself for all eternity would be a peace against which the blood of our sons would cry out from the fields of Flanders. There can be no conclusive peace till Germany is concluded. And already, thank God, we behold the beginning of the end. For the War has become a War of human attrition, and the Allies have at least a million more men than the Central Powers, so that with even twenty millions of the flower of Europe buried under its bomb-sterilized soil, the last million of the Entente, by that time doubtless fused in a sacred camaraderie of mixed regiments, would be left to drown in their cheers the death-rattle of the last Hun.

Would, indeed, that Germany, recognising her inevitable doom, would save us from a slaughter which, though righteous, is not without its drawbacks, financial and otherwise. But while the German Bureaucracy feeds the German people with lies, strangles the Press, raids bookshops, court-martials Pacifists and imprisons its few honest subjects like Clara Zetkin, Liebknecht, etc., there can be little hope of a change of heart. True, the Crown Prince now whines about humanity, the mob clamours for Peace and bread, and the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, even declares his country ready to put itself at the head of a League of Nations. But who can ever put faith again in this bloodthirsty breed, and does not this sinister mention of the "head" show again the cloven foot? No, we must fight to the last man and the last shilling—nay, the last scrap of paper in the Treasury—and even if the Tamerlane of Potsdam were to arm every cat and dog as he threatened, we must make mince-meat of them all. Here, and not in the ambitions of Nobel-minded Presidents lies the true *Via Pacis* for our bleeding world and only when we have trodden our *Via Dolorosa* to the bitter end, when we have discharged all the Maxims of Christianity, dare the Archbishop of Canterbury sign a petition for peace.

Nor would this merely military victory suffice to establish the Peace of God in a form that passes misunderstanding. The cancer of German trade, that eats into the very fabric of national righteousness, must be cut away with equal remorselessness. And the Allies must be as united in the holy war of tariffs as in the crusade of the sword. No longer must the manufactures of France and Belgium be sold to their barbarous neighbour, no longer shall Russia's shells be made in Germany, or the Hun monopolise the ingredients of our explosives. In the World-Peace that will be the reward of this ghastly war, we must fabricate our own munitions. Then shall the song of the Herald Angels be in tune again with the music of the spheres. Throughout Europe all the church-bells that have not been cast into cannons shall ring out their Christmas message, and the world will cease at last to talk bloody nonsense.

BETTER DAYS FOR WOMEN: By ISABELLA O. FORD

I am glad to send a greeting to your excellent paper this Christmas. I wish you all success in your brave fight for justice for women, and for International goodwill amongst women of all nations.

I think it is helpful now, whilst we are in the midst of sorrow, to realise how immensely the position of women has improved during the past forty years, and how tremendously the whole world has gained through the ceaseless and unflinching work of women who everywhere have been gradually undermining the power of monopolists of all kinds, industrial, moral, social, and political. They have revolutionised* the whole of public opinion, and this they have done as Mark Twain remarks "without bloodshed." Men could not have done this; at least, they never did, which shows they never could.

As an instance of this, we have but to think of the campaign now going on against compulsory notification of venereal disease. In Mrs. Butler's day, the forces, as she said, which supported her, were the working men, the co-operators, and some Dissenters. Now there is not one section of society, not one important body, that is without strong supporters of her views amongst its members.

Also, at the bottom of men's and women's hearts lies now the feeling that women ought to have the vote. Justice, they know, demands it, though jealousies, old conventions and superstitions still fetter their minds and prevent them from thinking with fearless honesty.

And not in England only, but all over the world, women are gradually awakening from their long sad slumber. Industrially in England, ever since the Married Women's Property Act was passed, women's position has been steadily rising. Sweating and exploitation still goes on, I know, but the nation's conscience is aroused. The sweaters know these things are wrong as they never did before, and they do them less cheerfully than in the old evil days of 40 years ago.

Those who cannot remember those old days may feel impatient and may want to hurry us along faster. But to others, all this work, and much else besides, accomplished by women in so short a time is a marvellous record, and full of the most inspiring hope for the future.

The secret of its strength and its ceaseless unfailing progress lies in that it has been achieved by the weapon which alone never fails, the weapon of moral force. No ignorance, no prejudice, no cruelty, can withstand this weapon, and it is through its means alone that we shall build up the future Internationalism of the nations.

There can be no doubt whatever about our doing it. It will take many years, but it will be done,—and not now by women only, for the hard days of one-sided battles of women against men are over, thanks to those women who have worked for and taught this generation on wide human lines, and not on narrow sex lines. It will be done by men and women together, with equal political power.

This is what will help us to endure the horror surrounding us this Christmas, the sure and certain knowledge that as we have not failed in our work in the past, we shall not fail in the great future before us.

[* We are sorry to have to say that in our view the peaceful revolution is yet to come.—Editor, THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.]

A GREETING FROM THE DOMINIONS

As Hon. Sec. of the British Dominions Woman Suffrage Union, I send for the Christmas number of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT warmest congratulations and good wishes. It is indeed a joy to note how interest in the great work done by the Workers' Suffrage Federation is increasing overseas. In the midst of the darkness of to-day the growing solidarity of women is our brightest hope.

HARRIET C. NEWCOMB.

NOTES FROM THE MIDLANDS

BY OMNIFRAGE.

I am writing this column of notes a full week before it will be put into the hands of my readers, and at the climax of the greatest political crisis this land has yet known. Issues so far reaching as to be indiscernible to the eye of the most imaginative visionary, influences so great and revolutionary as to be outside the orbit of human conception, depend upon the statecraft of the next few days, and yet—so far as the womanhood of the country is concerned, there might be nothing more important to think about than the epidemic of church bazaars, prevalent at this season. Vainly I have scanned the columns of the leading newspapers, both of the Metropolis and the provinces to read what some woman thinks of the state of Britain to-day. The silence of the women is not the least remarkable of many remarkable happenings of the moment.

About all things there are two opinions. On this matter my own view is that the apathy of the women is disastrous. In the elevation of Mr. Lloyd George to the Premiership (I use the phrase in no sardonic sense), and the consequent changes in the direction of affairs, women have been offered a chance of acquiring power such as may never come their way again. If anyone be tempted to question this assertion, let her consider for a moment the achievement of the Welsh miners. Therein she will find an ideal trinity of industry, political power and social amenity. Therein also she will find the antithesis of British feminism to-day!

It may be asked what all that has to do with the relation of women, non-relation would be the truer term, with the political situation. My answer is that the position of the women, although remarkable, is the natural consequence of their failure in duty to themselves. Lack of organisation, absence of defined and agreed policy and financial impotency have combined to render the female body politic a thing of no account.

If the truth is ugly it is as well to recognise that it may grow beautiful. To make the truth concerning British feminism beautiful, British women must work. Let it be recognised that the sporadic efforts of a few are not sufficient to carry the burden of the masses who remain inert. Among the many mushroom bodies advocating the women's cause there must be, if not amalgamation, at least unification of policy. Nothing less than this will lead to the speedy emancipation of British womanhood. Moreover, there must be instilled into the minds of the women, especially the working women, what political power really means and what blessings it will bestow upon women and girls when they have possessed themselves of it. When I try to divine the cause of the non-success of our women politicians to rouse the social sense of the vast majority of their sisters, I am led to think that in large measure it has been due to the unfortunate choice of a battle cry. "We want the Vote" scarcely sums up the unuttered yearnings of the enslaved female toiler, the poverty shackled mother encompassed by conditions which foreloom the little ones born of her pain. A great deal depends on a battle cry. None knows that better than the party politician. After all, the "vote" is about as dry as dust a catchword as one could find. We want something warmer, deeper and altogether finer. Something that will at once present a picture of the infinite good that womanhood means to the world and the unassailable justice of its claim for social equality.

But to achieve the desired end we must write finis once and for all to spasmodic action. Women must make up their minds to enter into party politics. In other words, there must be a women's party. It should be called The Women's Political Party, that, and no other title is adequate at this stage. You can have your Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, and any other women's party that you choose later on, but how can you possibly be concerned with the merits or demerits of any school of political thought until you have won the means wherewith to give practical expression of your opinions?

The more I study the political state at this moment the greater is my difficulty to understand woman's failure to assert herself politically. Admittedly, she is the most valuable party politician in the world, else the candidate for Parliamentary honours would not have besought her aid with the assiduity that he has done during the whole history of modern politics. The Primrose Habitations, Liberal Women's Associations and other organisations of that type, prove her ability to organise on the party system as well as enfranchised man. The War has shown, as nothing else has, how great is her capacity for industry. Yet throughout the story she has consistently and grossly failed in duty to herself. She has spoken and worked for her free partner when she should have spoken and laboured for her own emancipation. Her Primrose Habitation or Liberal League is the political wedlock in which she has averred herself the subservient partner, neither desiring nor deserving responsibilities and privileges of a separate entity.

The Cabinet crisis, coming at this season of the year makes it all the more fitting that we should take stock of ourselves and realise the extent of our weaknesses. Thereby shall we come to a correct estimate of our strength. In this great industrial area of the Midlands, there are thousands of women workers in all stations of life who have begun to appreciate something of what political emancipation would give to them. But we want leaders and workers. After paying full tribute to what has been attempted by the valiant few, I have to deplore the insufficiency of able and energetic organisers; more especially is this the case among the working women. In the first place, our sisters want educating to a realisation of the blessings of political freedom, and in the second place there is great need of intelligent and educated women to fill secretarial and administrative positions. This is an appeal to the women of the Midland counties to best themselves, to organise and form branches of the W.S.F. What I think should be instituted right from the start is a joint secretaryship of a working woman, as popularly understood, and a woman, equally a worker in the literal sense, who has enjoyed the happy privileges and advantages of refinement and education. Such a combination would, I am convinced, militate for much immediate good. Only there must be no sign of patronage or subserviency in the partnership. The dignity that bedges about a fur coat and a silk skirt must be forgotten, for the greatest dignity is that of labour!

A happy and a thoughtful Christmas to you all.

[We cannot agree with our correspondent's views on the subject of a Woman's Party, but we print his notes because they are full of interest, and should be glad to learn the views of our readers upon them.—Editor, the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.]

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MAKING THE WAR COMFORTABLE: By P. J. Dollan

We are now within hailing distance of the third Christmas of the European War, and the Christians of all denominations, assisted by a few Pagans, continue to slaughter and mutilate each other for the glory and honour of God and in appreciation of their devotion to Christ. As one prominent Christian said recently, the only thing that matters is: "To learn to kill Germans with enthusiasm!" In other words, we are to learn to kill German Christians as we would kill pigs. No doubt there are Germans who hold the same belief about the Allied Christians, and so the mad contest goes on while the circulation of the Northcliffe Press goes up. (Does it matter who loses the War if the shareholders of the Northcliffe Press gain?) The European War is the greatest blasphemy that the world has ever known—a blasphemy to God and man. And still there are those in this and other countries who want the War to continue because as yet the Niagaran loss of blood does not satisfy the cannibalistic appetites, the pride, the dignity, and the honour of the statesmen and the profiteers in the warring countries!

The War has caused millions of casualties; millions of homes to be plunged in sorrow; millions of grieving women and children; an enormous waste of wealth; a general postponement of reformed progress; a relapse into barbarism; the enthronement of militarism; the prostitution of Christianity, science, literature, and art; the glorification of sophistry and falsehood; the downfall of a growing Democracy. Despite all these disasters to civilisation the War-mongers are not yet satisfied with their handiwork, and they prepare for more disasters still. Moverover, they are now preparing to make the War "comfortable," as can be seen from the arrangements of the new British Government, and the Governments of other countries. The supplies of food are to be more efficiently controlled, and the populations rationed, if necessary; prices of other essentials are to be regulated; shipping services are to be supervised in the "interests" of the nation; and other schemes are in contemplation to soften the hardships of War. Pensions to soldiers and their dependants are to be augmented so that their cries for Peace may be stifled.

Labour is to be given more responsibility and more consideration; everyone, including the rich, is to be compelled to work; there is to be a general mobilisation of men and women and youths: the War is to be made as comfortable as possible for all concerned. Could anything be more grotesque? We have become so accustomed to the wholesale destruction and mutilation of human bodies that, if our material wants are guaranteed and safeguarded, we are willing to allow the War to continue and with increased zest. That is the assumption underlying the new plan for the more effective prosecution of the War, and it is at once an admission of the growing strength of Pacifism and of the weakening influence of militarism. The new Government realises that hunger and discomfort are two great factors for Peace, especially among those who do not nationally desire to abolish War. Mr. Churchill expressed a similar opinion when a few days ago he urged the Government to exercise a stricter control over the profiteers for the dual purpose of keeping down prices and anti-War feeling. When some people realise that the War and profiteering are responsible for high prices and scarcity they grow less enthusiastic about the War. So to maintain their enthusiasm the War must be made as comfortable as possible by a reduction of prices and a more drastic control over profiteering. The appalling destruction of life is to be glorified as a sacrifice to Liberty!

The profiteers having made untold wealth out of the War are now prepared of course to submit to a curtailment of their prospective earnings in order to keep back the onrush of opinion in favour of Peace. The people have miserably short memories, and if prices come down now many of them will forget the exploitation of the past twenty-eight months, and will continue to support the War as being necessary for the establishment of Democracy. As if the slaying of potential Democrats by potential Democrats at the bidding of Autocrats and aristocrats could aid in the winning of Democracy! It is a hairbrained idea that this War, or any other War, will aid the cause of Democracy. In the new Government there are men who have made fortunes out of the War, and who are now to organise the disorder which they have helped to create, so that we may carry on the War with a minimum of discomfort. The new Government may succeed in damping down the "stomach" feeling in favour of Peace for a time, but the national feeling in favour of Peace will grow more and more powerful irrespective of schemes, oppression, or opposition. The madness and futility of War have become obvious to rational beings, and we are nearer to Peace now than we have been at any period since August, 1914.

The appointment of the new Government need not awake alarm in the minds of those who believe in Peace for its own sake. Those who desire Peace because War is evil and destructive will go on advocating Peace, even though the War is made comfortable. And their advocacy will win through in the end, for Pacifism is gaining rational adherents day by day. These adherents are inclined to Pacifism because they have come to learn that militarism breeds militarism, that war breeds war, that atrocities beget atrocities, and that force cannot effect a permanent and honest settlement in disputes between nations and men. The tide of Peace is rising slowly and steadily in all parts of Europe, and as it gains in volume it will gain in momentum, and before the Christmas of 1917 it will overflow the barriers of militarism and living refreshment and solace to the hearts of the people who are weary of strife. For us, who are readers of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT there is no comfort in a "comfortable" War, and we must persist in our efforts to swell the rising tide of Peace. We are opposed to War because War in itself is evil and not because of profiteering and oppression which are incidents, and sometimes the causes, of War. For us Christmas is a mockery while Christians engage in slaughter, and having that belief it would be hypocrisy for us to welcome and honour Christmas. Our Christmas will be celebrated when the War drums are scrapped and the peoples of the world are living and co-operating in a spirit and practice of "Peace and Goodwill to all men." Therefore our Christmas message is: Work for Peace, because Peace in itself is just and right. Peace on that basis will be lasting: any other Peace will be a germ of War.

"AGIN THE GOVERNMENT": By May O'Callaghan

In days when would-be food dictators and their minions, with well-filled stomachs, smug faces and an air of material well-being rant of the necessity of "equality of sacrifice," "economical Christmas-tides," "meatless days" and kindred drivel, I unconsciously conjure up reminiscences of a pre-War Christmas in an Irish countryside.

* * * *

They were of the small farmer type, who under the Land Act had "bought out" their twenty-acre farm, with the thatched hovel consisting of bedroom, loft and the all-important "room." Mick Murphy and his wife Mary were in the haggard, or farmyard, having a last look into the pigstye, for the fair was the next day. "I don't think that wan with the black spot over her left eve looks as well as t'others, do you, Mick?" "Well, maybe you're right Mary, but whether or no, shure I have to take the three of them in the mornin' to the fair in Castleblaney—you know yourself it's the last chance before Christmas, and t'other two are fine hardy wans any way."

And with that they started summing up their various wants. Their two boys and little Peggy—who was still going to school—wanted boots badly, Johnny the shoemaker had said if he mended them any more "there would be no boot left for patches." Mick himself wanted a pair, too, but it was the second winter he was wearing his suit of brown English shoddy. "Shure, the lads'll soon be makin' a laughin' stock of me at the Chapel of a Sunday—it's new clothes I must buy by hook or by crook—the brogues'll do with a bit of polish a while longer."

I knew Mary Murphy well in those days, she confided in me that she used to go to Mass early because people were so ready to pass remarks on "a body's clothes." The one aim of her life seemed to be to keep her struggle to make ends meet a secret from the neighbours. Fresh meat was an almost unknown luxury in that house, potatoes were the mainstay of the family, and when luck came their way American bacon—commonly called the "lad"—was bought with the money got for their own pigs. Such is the economical reasoning of the Irish small farmer.

But Christmas was the time they went in for a bit of a feast; fried steak and onions, or a shoulder of mutton, or by chance one of the hens, that wasn't such a good layer, was indulged in, if they could "at all, at all." A bottle of the "hard stuff," a dozen of porter, and a currant cake—termed a brack—were other dainties peculiar to Christmas.

I must not forget "the bit of round coal" to avoid having to drag in furze bushes from the haggard, at least for one day in the year. That was in pre-War days, before sugar, meat, and wheat prices were trebled and doubled by means of Government commandeering and meat and wheat combines and corners. Before coal was 50s. a ton!

* * * *

The farm overlooked the sea, barren hills rose up behind the house. The sea, which in autumn provided turf and sea-weed was rich with herrings at Christmas. Herring-fishing, a God-send to labourer and small farmer alike has now become extinct. First it was "them mines" that deterred the less brave ones, then those who did venture were disheartened by their small hauls—the mines and the submarines between them seemed to have frightened the herrings away. The police put the finishing touch on it: Biddy Clancy, who used to keep the light on the banks to show the lads their landing place, was warned that "the Germans would see that light," and though Biddy didn't care "if they were here to-morrow" she was obliged to leave the fishermen to their fate and incidentally the herrings to the Germans.

Mick Murphy is among those who miss the herring fishing. His sister is married "in town" and her husband joined up, so that she—to the disgrace of the Murphys—is living on Government money. "Did you hear from himself of late, Lizzie?" Mick asked her when she was coming home one morning from the post office with her "pinsion." "Indeed, and I didn't; but what makes you ask that, anyway, Mick Murphy?" "Then, maybe, you didn't hear the news! They say the War'll be over before Christmas!" "Before Christmas, indeed, is it? It's yourself Michael Murphy, bad luck to you, that has always the bad word in your mouth."

And while peasant, farmer, and soldier's wife despise and envy one another for the ready money coming in every week, "without lifting a finger to get it," we have a Government preaching economy oblivious of the state of existence which makes a small farmer envious of a sister who has a certainty of 17s. 6d. a week.

* * * *

Should a "food dictator" approach a rich stockbroker, can we imagine him giving other advice than: "Save your money until the new Chancellor of the Exchequer raises a new War Loan at anything up to ten per cent.," or to one of the landed gentry the necessity of drinking champagne out of wine-glasses may be urged, or drinking red and white wines, or even liqueurs from ordinary red wine glasses? I can think of no greater privations if restrictions are to be gauged by the recent orders issued; that officers are to spend 3s. 6d. on a lunch instead of 4s. and such-like hardships.

In their zeal to swing the Defence of the Realm Act over the private life of the Irish peasant—who, now under martial law, may not sing the songs of his country or go to a Gaelic League football match—I can imagine Lord Devonport and company issuing regulations to the Irish peasantry to the effect:—

(1) No more than three courses at lunch (a meal unknown to them).

(2) One meatless day in the week (when it is at most one meat day they have).

(3) Not to encourage foreign import (when English rule forces them to use Indian meal, American flour, and bacon, colonial sugar and tea, etc.).

(4) To wear old clothes out of patriotism (when patched suits and boots are in such evidence).

Mick and Mary Murphy, always rebels and happy to be "agin the Government," may well say: "Shure, its ourselves may be called the loyal subjects of His Majesty now I'm thinkin'—not Carson and his gang that are eatin' meat every day in the week! But I wouldn't be surprised, Mary, if the ould divil—now he's in the Government, wouldn't take the law of us for having more nor wan meatless day in the week!"

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on Venereal Disease in its relation to the politica-disability of women. Being an answer to the Home Secretary's Mansion House Speech. Signed by Sixteen Magistrates of the City of Glasgow and the Executive Committee of the Northern Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage. A record of Parliamentary Facts and Dates for Suffrage Speakers and Social Reformers. PRICE 1d.

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To secure Human Suffrage, namely, a Vote for every Woman and Man of full age, and to win Social and Economic Freedom for the People.

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LONDON MEETINGS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15th.
Mansbury Road, Bow, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Boyce.
Deptford Broadway, 1 p.m., Mrs. Walker.
Bow Women's Hall, 7.45 p.m., Lecture; Discussion.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th.
Hague Street, Bethnal Green, 11 a.m., Miss Price.
Lewisham Market Place, 2 p.m., Mrs. Boyce.
Grundy Street, 3 p.m., Miss Price.
Acton Market Place, 3 p.m., Mrs. Walker.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th.
Osborn Street, 11 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
The Grove, Stratford, 11.30 a.m. (Joint Meeting with N.C.F), Mrs. Boyce.
Highbury Corner, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Walker.
Poplar Dock Gates, 3.30 p.m., Peace Meeting.
Hyde Park, 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Walker.
Bow Women's Hall, 6.p.m., Public Meeting.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18th.
Custom House 12 (noon), Mrs. Boyce.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., General Meeting.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19th.
Club Row, 1 p.m., Miss Price.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th.
53 St. Leonard's Street, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Boyce.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st.
White Cross Street, 1 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22nd.
Deptford Broadway, 1 p.m., Mrs. Walker.
Bow Women's Hall, 6 p.m., Christmas Sale and Dance.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24th.
Victoria Park, 3 p.m., Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. Drake, Miss Price, Mr. Fowler Shone, Mrs. Walker, and others.

W.S.F. BRANCHES

LONDON.

Barking.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Langford, Ailsa Craig, 97 Essex Road.

Bow.—400 Old Ford Road, E. Secretary: Miss Price. DREADNOUGHT sales, week ending December 9th, 624. Miss Harriet, 300; Miss O'Brien, 156; Mrs. Holloway, 118; general, 50.

Bromley.—53 St. Leonard's Street. Hon. Secs.: Mrs. Lansbury, Mrs. Wood. Branch meeting alternate Mondays at 7 p.m.

Canning Town.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Parsons, 94 Ravenscroft Road.

Enfield and Edmonton.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Beavis, 171 Church Street, Lower Edmonton.

Golder's Green.—Hon. Sec.: Miss Clapson, 44 Erskine Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.

Leyton.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Hall, 73 Calderon Road.

Poplar.—20 Railway Street, E. DREADNOUGHT sales, 78.

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Willesden.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Shepherd, 141 Villiers Road.

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Brynmawr and Nantyglo.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Hayward, Coedcae, Garn Fack.

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Chopwell.—Hon. Sec.: V. M. Hardy, Esq., 18 Severn Street, Durham.

Cornsay and Quebec.—Hon. Sec. pro tem.: Miss Ellis, Dundalk House, Neville's Cross. Branch meeting, Monday at 197 High Street, Cornsay.

Durham.—Hon. Sec.: Miss C. Ellis, Dundalk House, Neville's Cross.

Ferryhill.—Hon. Sec.: Miss Ruby Stoddart, 12 Hackworth Street, Dean Bank.

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Friday, December 22nd, 6 p.m.

at 400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW, E.

Concert and Dance. Competitions and Games.

Entrance 6d.

FULL PARTICULARS NEXT WEEK.

PUBLIC MEETING

Sunday, December 24th, 3 p.m.

Victoria Park

SPEAKERS:

Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. Drake, Miss Price, Mr. Fowler Shone and others

OUR FAIRY GODMOTHER.

(Continued from front page.)

mind until he weds her, and shares with her the rule of his kingdom, and they live happy ever after.

As an allegory of the plight and redemption of the working class, the story is perhaps not perfect—allegories never are. But the essentials are there. I am content to see in Cinderella herself the multitude of labour downtrodden, in the cruel step-mother and her haughty daughters, the capitalist system with its exactions of rent and profit, and in the prince, "for the government will be upon his shoulders," the coming reign of freedom, intelligence and love. As for the Fairy Godmother, she is full of prophecy for us.

For, observe, she is a Fairy God-*mother*, not a Fairy God-*father* that comes to save and exalt Cinderella. I don't remember fairy godfathers at all in fairy stories. And had I space I might show that although women fairies often do malignant things, yet generally speaking in all these old tales it is the women spirit of wisdom and love that comes to the help of poor and distressed mortals. Note also that the role of the Fairy Godmother is to do something extraordinary for Cinderella, which the poor kitchen maid could not do for herself. There is, I suggest, a deep truth symbolised in that part of the story. None of us simply as men or women can effectually save ourselves from social injustice. Nor can the working class simply as working men and women. Some wisdom and love untainted by servitude, some power more magical than mere revolt against oppression, is necessary to accomplish freedom and transform social conditions. What is that wisdom, sympathy and power?

It is typified in the Fairy Godmother. For what else is, or should be, the women's movement of to-day, but the coming to the rescue of the workers' democracy, of womanhood, with its mother-sympathy enfranchised and endowed with the transforming genius of national and international co-operation—the power of women's citizenship and the wisdom of Socialism? Have we not there a wonder-working power for the deliverance of the poor from the oppression of the rich, of our working girls and mothers from the dreary drudgery and unsatisfying monotony of their lives, of our sons from the devouring monster of war.

Think you, could not, and will not, the women of our nation enfranchised and inspired with the spirit prove a real Fairy Godmother to the nation?

Behold, our Fairy Godmother knocks at the door. But she cannot enter unless we are willing to receive her, for the fairies never come except to those who believe in them. Our Fairy Godmother is the Social Revolution!

W.S.F. FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Sunday, December 17th, Bow Women's Hall, 6 p.m., Public Meeting. Mr. H. J. Lane, "Spare the Rod and Save the Child." Chair: Mrs. Boyce. Music. Refreshments at popular prices. Admission free.

Monday, December 18th, 8 p.m., Bow Women's Hall, General Members' Meeting.

On Friday, 22nd, a 6 p.m., Sale and Social, at 400 Old Ford Road, Bow. Admission, 6d.

Sunday, December 24th, 3 p.m., Victoria Park, Peace Meeting.

ADULT SUFFRAGE JOINT COMMITTEE

Chairman, Mr. Fred Bramley; Hon. Treasurer, Dr. A. Salter, 5 Storks Road, Bermondsey; Hon. Secretary, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, 400 Old Ford Road, E.

An enthusiastic conference of delegates from affiliated bodies was held in the Chandos Hall, on Sunday, December 10th. It was resolved to affiliate to the National Council for Adult Suffrage, to hold a convention and Social gathering at the Holborn Town Hall, and an Adult Suffrage Flag Day. The details of these functions were referred to the Committee. It was reported that seventy bodies had affiliated. At the close of the conference Mr. and Mrs. Wadge, of Canada, addressed the delegates, Mrs. Wadge explaining that she was a voter in her home province.

LEES HALL MEETING.

The meeting in Lees Hall, Barking Road, by the Tidal Basin Branch of the W.S.F. was exceedingly successful, Drake Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, and Mr. Robert Williams were the speakers. The I.L.P. choir very kindly gave their services.

ASSOCIATION FOR MORAL AND SOCIAL HYGIENE

Social workers and others interested in the medical, moral and social aspects of the problems of prostitution and venereal disease should write for information and literature.

A special study of preventive work in 10 principal towns will be sent free on application. Postage 2d.—Hon. Sec., Helen Wilson, M.D., 19 Tothill St., Westminster, S.W.

READ "THE SHIELD," 7½d. QUARTERLY, POST FREE.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

From Friday, December 22nd, to January 1st inclusive, the Offices at 400 Old Ford Road will be closed.

Donations to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or Hon. Financial Secretary, Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

GENERAL FUND.—A. Gliksten, Esq. (£1 monthly), £5; the Misses Gliksten (monthly), £1; W. Lansbury, Esq., £1; Miss Gittins, 10s.; Mrs. Sandheim, 10s.; Miss E. Lowy (monthly), 10s.; Miss Hodge, 10s.; Mrs. Usherwood (monthly), 7s.; Miss H. E. Raisin (monthly), 5s.; Miss Seruya, 5s.; Mrs. Barfield, 3s.; Mrs. and Miss Greer, 2s. COLLECTIONS: Caxton Hall, £1 18s. 8d.; Lees Hall, 17s. 2d.; Mrs. Walker, 13s. 6d.; Poplar Members ("Dreadnought" poster), 4s.; Mrs. Boyce, 3s. 6d.; Poplar Women's Hall, 1s. 7½d.

DREADNOUGHT FUND.—Miss Margaret Molteno, £1 1s.; Office Box, 5s. 1½d.; Mrs. Boswell, 4s.; Miss M. A. Barker, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Herzberg (monthly), 1s.; Miss S. W. Newsome (monthly), 1s.

MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS.—Wimbledon W.S.P.U., per Paul Lamartine Yates, £5; Mrs. Baillie Weaver (monthly), £2 10s.; H. Winterbottom, Esq., £1 10s.; Anon (Milk), £1; Restaurant, 10s.; the Misses Mann (monthly), £1; Mrs. Boswell (Montessori), £1; Nurse Hebbes, 12s.; Miss N. Rice (Montessori), 8s.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 10s.; Mrs. Joel, 10s.; Miss Clemence Housman, 6s. 2d.; Miss B. Sankey, 5s.; Miss J. T. Drewry (monthly), 5s.; Mrs. Godfree, 5s.; Mrs. Heywood Bright (weekly), 5s.; Mrs. Unthank, 5s.; Mrs. E. M. Morrison (monthly), 5s.; Four Northern Friends (monthly), 4s. 6d.; Miss Crabb (monthly), 3s. 6d.; Mr. Stiebel (1s. weekly), 3s.; Rathmell Wilson, Esq., 2s. 6d.; "For a Poor Woman," per Mrs. Walker, 2s. 6d.; Per Mrs. Pollitt, Hampstead W.S.P.U., 2s.; Miss A. Gamman, 1s. 6d.; "Herald Reader," 6d. COLLECTIONS: Caxton Hall (Montessori), £2 18s. 9d.; (Milk Churn), £1 15s. 7½d.; (Babies), 7s. 6d.; L.S.A. Tool Room, £1 9s. 4d.; Per Miss Weir (monthly), £1 8s.; L.S.A. Stocking Dept., 17s. 6d.; Mrs. Wood, 14s. 2d.; Miss Lagsding (Green's Yard), 12s. 4d.; Miss Mary Hoy and Friends, 10s.; Mothers at Bow Clinic (monthly), 13s.; Mr. Payne, 8s. 11½d.; Miss K. Lagsding and Mrs. Bertram (Cubitt Town), 6s. 6½d.; Miss Bennett, 3s. 11½d.; Milk Churn, 3s. 9½d.

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Day nursery from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Doctor's consultation and baby-weighing, Mondays, 2.30 p.m. Mothers and babies can consult Nurse at any time.

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53 ST. LEONARD'S STREET, BROMLEY-BY-BOW.

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New laid eggs, barley, glaxo, virol, for invalids. Medicine bottles, clothing and shoes for adults and boys and girls of all ages.

For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woolen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

Growing plants, flowers and branches for all our centres and for the L.C.C. schools. We should be grateful to friends who would supply us regularly. We also need vegetables and fruit.

More cupboards are needed at all our centres.

Nurse needs empty medicine bottles at her dispensary.

Health Talks to Mothers are held the first and third Fridays in the month at 3 p.m., at the Mothers' Arms.

W.S.F. PAMPHLETS

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W.S.F. Draw Competition on March 24th, 1917, in aid of the W.S.F., "Dreadnought," and Propaganda Fund. Prizes: 1st, Gentleman's Gold Watch; 2nd, an Alarm Clock; 3rd, Lady's or Gentleman's Umbrella; 4th, Bound Volume of "The Woman's Dreadnought." Entrance, 2d. Draw Secretary; Mrs. Drake, 49 Crediton Road, Tidal Basin.

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